



## LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine,  
The rudest breast must find *some* hallow'd spot;  
The God who form'd us left no spark divine,  
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.  
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain  
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;  
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,  
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.  
Love on, love on,—ay, even though the heart  
We fondly build on prove like the sand;  
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,  
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand;  
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,  
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,  
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,  
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?  
Love on, love on, though we may live to see  
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud  
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,  
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud;  
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,  
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,  
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure,  
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.  
Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words,  
Their mystic music ever dwells around;  
The strain is echo'd by unnumber'd chords,  
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.  
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom  
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon;  
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,  
Shall still be precious and shall still love on.

## THE HEROINE OF OSTEND.

Ostend, commonplace as it looks, has been the theatre of a beautiful drama, the scene of a lovely romance. Ostend has had its heroine,—not, indeed, like her of Saragossa, a character which we cannot but regard as, at least, half, or more than half, unsexed, and whom we contemplate with a mixed, and somewhat dubious feeling.

The heroine of Ostend was truly a feminine character, and excites unqualified approbation and respect. Her heroism became her sex, and belonged to it; for it was merciful, generous, self-devoted, true—of a high and holy daring, to save, not to destroy—of firm fidelity, pure love, exalted sense of duty, patience, fortitude,—all those beautiful attributes which unite to form what, in our old English tongue, was meant by *loyalty*, in its wide meaning, not limited to the duty of a subject to a sovereign; and the heroine of Ostend was not a soldieress, but a loyal wife.

In the reign of Philip II. of Spain, Albert, archduke of Austria, and son-in-law to the king, had been appointed governor of the Netherlands; and was actively employed in endeavouring to subdue the revolted countries, by force of arms, to the Spanish yoke, whose tyranny they had indignantly spurned. In 1601, he invested Ostend with an immense body of Spaniards. Sir Francis Vere, who commanded the English auxiliaries, defended the town gallantly (though with far inferior forces) for some months, till the States relieved him by sending a new governor and reinforcements. This siege of Ostend was long, and very bloody; it lasted three years; and some historians add, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours; it cost, at a moderate computation, the lives of 100,000 men; though some estimate the loss of the Spaniards at 80,000, and that of the besieged at 50,000. It surrendered to the archduke on capitulation, on the 22d of September, 1604.

During the course of the siege, the Spaniards took prisoners a number of Dutch sailors, and some pilots of skill and reputation. These men they condemned to the galleys for life, in alleged retaliation for some severities previously exercised by the Dutch on Spanish subjects. One of these Dutch pilots, named Herman, was married to a young woman of extreme personal beauty, and of equal fortitude and virtue. Herman was a staunch Protestant; and Catherine, his wife, a sincere Roman Catholic. Both must have been endued with a Christian, not a sectarian, spirit; for no sectarian bitterness arose between them. Those differences of religion, which had kindled the lengthened and sanguinary war between Spain and the Lower Countries, never disturbed the tranquillity of Herman and his Catherine. They loved each other truly; and if they did not kneel together at the same altar of worship, they made of their own hearth-stone a common altar, sacred to the best affections. They had learned that the most difficult lesson to narrow minds, yet most useful in this chequered world, to agree to differ,—a lesson which permits *diversity* of opinion without *strife* of opinion; and which we all could more easily learn, if we looked more frequently beyond ourselves and the immediate circle in which we stand, and of which we make our universe.

When Catherine Herman heard of her husband's captivity and horrible destination, she was penetrated with affliction; but instead of yielding to inactive and useless, and therefore selfish grief, she summoned all her energies, and resolved to attempt his deliverance. But she was of humble rank and limited means; she had neither money to purchase aid, nor powerful friends to bestow it; she had only that earthly friend of the poor—self. On whom in this world can the poor and friendless rely but on self? self-exertions, self-trust, self-encouragement; and while they are self-sustained, they cannot utterly fail.

Catherine Herman, in furtherance of her design, sold all she had, to raise a sum for her husband's ransom, cut off her beautiful tresses, disguised herself in man's attire, and set out for the Spanish camp before Ostend. She had many difficulties to contend with in travelling through a country distracted by war; alone, and poor, and exposed to the curiosity excited by her grace and beauty. She arrived, however, in safety at the Spanish Leaguer, and endeavoured to discover the prison of her husband. Her exceeding loveliness proved injurious to her; for it attracted the eyes of the admiring Spaniards, all eager to learn from whence came this new Antinous. Poor Catherine was beset with questions; in answering them her accent betrayed her to be a stranger, for she was a native of North Holland. The Spanish officers suspected the seeming young man to be a spy of Prince Maurice of Nassau. The insidious, serpent-like character of a spy seldom meets with mercy; and Catherine, in spite of her prepossessing appearance, was seized on suspicion, loaded with irons, and hurried to prison. For a moment she welcomed captivity, believing that she had attained part of her wishes, and that she was going to share her husband's prison. But her budding hopes were sadly blighted; she was thrust into a place of solitary confinement, and learned from her guards ere they quitted her, with horror and dismay, that the next morning seven of the Dutch pilots, chosen by lot, were to be led to execution, and the sad survivors to be chained to the oar for life in the Spanish galleys.

Left alone in the solitude of her dungeon, Catherine was overwhelmed with grief and terror. Her husband's fate for death, or an existence worse than violent death, was to be decided in a few hours; and after all she had done and suffered for him, and after she had approached him so nearly, to be detained from his side, to be helpless, and on the point of eternal separation. We may imagine the misery of this affectionate wife. We may imagine, from the energy of her character, that after the first burst of sorrow she calmed herself to address her supplications to Heaven, and to seek aid from an intervention of Providence. Nothing in the ordinary course of events seemed left for her to hope. Her conjugal piety was beheld with favour, and hope was sent to cheer her in her captivity. It must have been as a miracle to the affectionate enthusiast when she saw a minister of her own religion enter that gloomy place. It was a priest who had taken upon himself the office of visiting the prisoners in the Spanish camp to afford them the rites of their Church.

Heaven always works by the means most suited to the capacities and circumstances of the recipients of its mercies. No other person but a priest of her own creed could have been the agent of relief to poor Catherine Herman; for to no other person would she, young and beautiful as she was, have ventured to disclose the secret of her sex. She threw herself at the feet of the old man, and in an ecstasy of trembling hope, and with all that lightning of spirit which attends the disclosure of a burdensome secret, she confided to him her name and her story. The priest was affected at her gentle heroism, her tender self-devotion, and readily promised to exert himself in her behalf, and went immediately to Charles de Longueval, Count de Bucquoi, over whom he had some influence, and obtained from that nobleman permission to have the still supposed young Dutch lad transferred to the prison of Herman the pilot, as a near relative. Catherine was accordingly conducted to her husband's place of confinement; and as soon as she found herself within its threshold and beheld once more its inmate, the object of her dearest affections, and remembered the doom so fast approaching to tear him from her again, she fainted away before she was able to utter a syllable. She remained so long in a state of insensibility that for some time she was supposed to be dead. By the exertions of the guards and the astonished Herman she was at length restored; and now she flung herself into her husband's arms, and with all the rapid eloquence of excitement declared to the bystanders her whole story—all that she had felt, done, and suffered; and explained her purpose of coming to the Leaguer in order to offer a ransom for her husband; and now, if that were rejected, she implored permission to die with him, if death was his doom; or otherwise, she begged to be chained to the same oar with him, to share and lighten his labours, eagerly reiterating that she was very strong, very hardy, very active, and would be found useful in the galleys.

The officer of the guard was filled with compassion and admiration, and sent hastily for the count of Bucquoi, who, on his arrival, listened with interest to the officer's recital, gave to Catherine her own meed of praise, and immediately procured the release of herself and her beloved Herman.

When they had returned to their humble and happy home, what recompense could the grateful pilot offer to his true-hearted wife? He had long ago given her his whole heart. All he could now do for her was to gratify her religious sentiments, to kneel no more at a separate altar, but to make her creed his. He had been touched by the mute though eloquent arguments of bright deeds, which made their way to the heart, while the arguments of the most skillful controversy would have made no impression on the head; he became a convert to love, which he never would have been to Spanish persecution or to domestic goadings.

Steadiness of principle, especially in cases of religion, ought, of course, to be superior to all human considerations, and Herman is accordingly open to some blame for the relinquishment of his convictions; but his conversion sprang, at least, from purer motives than that of Henry IV., called by common consent the Great. Love and gratitude worked on the pilot, ambition on the king.

## THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS, HIS NOBLES, SERFS, AND SERVANTS.

It is surprising how little the social and political condition of the Russian empire is known, comprising as it does the largest portion of the habitable globe ever united under one dominion, and giving umbrage as it does to so many interests by the shadow of its still increasing greatness.

There are, no doubt, many causes which may partially account for this lack of information on a theme so interesting; into these it is not our present purpose to enter, but we content ourselves with the observation which no resident in the Russian empire we feel confident will gainsay, that until within the last two years no traveller had given any account from which the faintest idea of her modern condition could be gathered.

We have had since then an admirably written book from a female pen, which only leads us to lament that the fair authoress who has so charmingly described the little she has seen, should have seen so very little. For instance, she professes to describe the Baltic provinces—of which she imbibed her notions in the society of the family of the chief of the secret police; and as she seems impartially to have described all that she saw and learned, we must conclude from her silence that she was ignorant of two of the most interesting facts connected with the very provinces which she describes; viz., that the peasantry recently emancipated from slavery, and still held practically in bondage by their nobility, are a totally distinct race from these latter, the descendants of the Teutonic knights who conquered them, or the Swedish conquerors of these feudal nobles—that they bear to them a sullen and unmitigated hatred, which absorbs their natural aversion to the Muscovites—and that it is by playing off the hatred of the conquered people, and the fears of their feudal masters, against each other, that the cabinet of St. Petersburg considers itself safe in the possession of these provinces.

Secondly, that in pursuance of this policy, the very year in which our authoress visited this part of the world it was the scene of a sanguinary "Jacquerie," excited by a Russian bishop, but carried too far by the excited peasantry. Hundreds of lives were lost in this insurrection; the insurgents burning the estates and massacring the families of their masters, and being only put down by a military force.

These scenes must have taken place a few miles from the spot which appeared to the writer in question so smiling and so happy, without her hearing of them; and those who have been in Russia can alone understand how bold any casual visitor to the family in which she was domesticated must have been who would have ventured to have breathed a syllable on such topics in the atmosphere which she inhaled.

Kohl, the German traveller, has also, since the period just referred to, continued his Russian sketches. The style of his writings gives one no means of judging whether he possesses the sagacity required for a profound, though he is evidently a minute observer;—his work is an admirable daguerrotype of all that externally meets the eye; but this happens to be precisely what is least interesting in Russia.

Indeed it is futile to expect any vigorous description of the Russian empire, and the condition of its people, from a German pen, because no German dares to publish it: or if he did so, it would be excluded both from Austria and Prussia:—from Austria because the censure which, to be sincere, he must heap on a despotic government would be displeasing to her; from Prussia because the censorship will allow nothing to be published more severe than an occasional diatribe against Russia on the question of frontier regulation, and because she is too much under the influence of Russia to allow the publication of any serious writing which might form a ground of complaint from her cabinet.

With this apology we propose to give a kind of elementary account of the present condition of the Russian empire. If it were not for the avowed and unlimited despotism of the Russian government, her civil institutions, her written laws, the provident regulations of the Russian empire, the official accounts giving the minutest details of her progress and prosperity, which seem in the most triumphant manner to justify the wisdom of these, would make the country appear, on paper, the realization of a modern Utopia. Unfortunately, however, these official accounts, both with regard to the prosperity and happiness of the Russian people, and her political power, are as far from the reality as is the value of her bank-notes from the metallic currency which they nominally represent. It is however by such papers that the Russian government deceives and is deceived. No country ever existed which was ever administered by such ridiculously copious and complex written details, without which the most insignificant act of public business cannot be carried on.

This system, originally devised as a check on those employed, by placing on record, in black and white, the minutest details of every thing connected with their duty, has had the contrary effect of insuring impunity, by burying every transaction in such an inextricably voluminous mass of documents, as to prove an effectual shelter for every species of fraud, which is protected, not here and there, or occasionally, but by high and low, and with a nefarious order and regularity, similar to that with which the most forbidden avocations of great capitals are conducted.

Russia possesses wise laws and excellent regulations, which are in fact a dead letter; she has thousands of troops which have never existed, but upon paper; she has fleets and manufactories which, like the scenery of a stage, excepting for theatrical effect, are of no more use or value to the nation than if they too existed only on paper.

The real elements of power and greatness which she possesses are, notwithstanding all this, immense; though there are countervailing causes which have hitherto prevented, and probably will continue to prevent, their ever coming into such active operation as to contribute much to her prosperity, or to render formidable her preponderance.

Though innumerable tribes and nations live beneath the rule of Russia, differing as much in language and in habits as any of the human race, the great bulk of her population is Muscovite, speaking the same tongue, professing the same religion, animated by the same feelings of nationality. In the immense extent of country through which this population is scattered, and which industrious cultivation would render prodigiously fertile, it cannot fail to increase into countless millions, as it has been increasing since it has enjoyed the common protection of a somewhat civilized government. Without however anticipating what this population may become, to take it as it is, these millions of peasants, contented in their ignorance, and devoted with a blind and superstitious attachment to a sovereign who unites in his person, as head of the church, its spiritual authority, to that of the temporal chief and czar, and who possesses besides all the mechanism of centralization and the science of civilization at his command, to render this force available,—let us ask, was there ever a power more formidable centered in the hands of man than that which at the present day thus lies at the unlimited and uncontrolled command of an emperor of Russia? If till this moment his people have been poor, the soil of his country contains in profusion every requisite to constitute agricultural wealth, to furnish a superabundance of every valuable European production. The riches are there, and within reach. The arms are there to work them out. In his European possessions, inhabited by the purely Muscovite race, there are tracts of land many times larger than France and England, where the soil is as rich as in those parts of Brabant and Flanders wherein the population seems to

cluster like bees about a hive. There are pastures which with a little industry might feed all the flocks and cattle in Europe. Nature, by means of winter sledge roads and immense navigable rivers, has opened many communications, and singularly facilitated others. The climate over two-thirds of her European empire is, taken all in all, more favourable than otherwise to her prosperity; and she possesses outlets to two of the great inland seas of Europe: the Russian flag floats over nearly a thousand miles of the shores of the Baltic, and a considerable part of the Euxine.

No aristocracy interferes, no public opinion raises its voice to check or cramp the exercise of imperial authority. The nobles of Russia, proprietors of the soil, though they hold the peasantry in a servitude as complete as was that of the West Indian negroes, though still wealthy, are yet not only without a shadow of political power, but are themselves deprived of many of the common rights of humanity. Too often the oppressors of their peasantry, they constitute, notwithstanding, the class on whom the yoke of despotism presses most gallingly, if not most heavily. It has been the policy of the crown, particularly in the two last and in the present reign, to redeem the serf from the vassalage of his baron, and render him an imperial instead of a private slave—a servitude which is in most cases merely nominal—that is to say, when he is not forced to work in the government manufactories. He pays a fixed and trifling poll-tax to the emperor, instead of the heavy and optional one imposed on him by his former master, and he is practically almost as free as his late lord can possibly be.

The service of the crown, whether civil or military, for which every proprietor of land must furnish an annual contingent of men, at the expiration of its duration, exempts those who have performed it, as well as their descendants, from private servitude. Thus, in the eyes of the peasantry, the emperor, whose authority is always stepping in to release them from a bondage often very oppressive, appears in so favourable a light, that the rooted subserviency of long habit to their masters, unmixed with any sympathy or affection, would constitute no motive to divert them from a blind obedience to the being they look upon as scarce inferior to God; and between their duty to their baron, and their emperor, the latter would, in every case, be the more popular as well as the more sacred.

The emperors of Russia seek to invest themselves with this sacred character, in the eyes of the vulgar, by every imaginable means. The peasant and the soldier are taught always to associate the name of God and of the emperor, and the latter, in the regulation prayers, is made to call the emperor "Our God upon earth."

It is a common prejudice in other countries, to imagine that the fear of the nobility operates as a check on the conduct of the Sovereign of Russia, and that the summary process of assassination would be the meed of any very oppressive or obnoxious measures. This notion is utterly erroneous. In a country like Russia, where habits and feelings are pervaded more by an oriental than a European spirit, as in every unenlightened despotism (if we may be allowed to use the term in contradistinction to the self-styled enlightened despotism of another European state, Prussia), the sword of assassination must hang perpetually suspended over the good sovereign as well as the wicked; he has to dread, not like a constitutional king, the fanaticism of a jacobinical club, or a street assassin, but those whom he has raised to power, whether from the class of nobility or peasantry. It is perfectly immaterial what their original rank may have been, though it is true that whilst in office, they constitute a kind of aristocracy—the only one which has any political existence in Russia any more than in Persia or in Turkey, where slaves and camel drivers rise to the highest offices, and where the favour of the sovereign confers the only distinction.

A gloomy and mistrustful tyrant, like Paul, must sometimes be strangled by his immediate confidants, in self-defence, when these become the objects of his suspicion; a weak-minded but benevolent emperor, like Alexander, may have perished at the hands of those who have not the justification of necessity's stern law; and the best of monarchs may fall a victim to the despair of those to whom he has intrusted his power, when the detection of their misdeeds becomes inevitable, or even when their ambitious views render a change advantageous.

The veil of mystery and secrecy which is habitually thrown over every thing, renders the concealment and impunity of crimes practicable, which, in the rest of Europe, must meet with immediate publicity and execration. The public mind is so impressed with the facility of hiding every dark transaction from its view, that no personage of importance dies without some rumor of poison or foul play. In the present reign, we may instance the deaths of the Grand Duke Constantine and General Diebitch.

There was a certain personage, on whom the public rumour, and no doubt the public calumny, affixed the stigma of being the instrument of these dark deeds. His visit to any public character, or his arrival at the place where they were, has, in so many instances, been the forerunner of their sudden dissolution, that in such a country, however improbable, the report can excite no surprise. A little before the respective deaths of Alexander, of Constantine, and of Diebitch, this bird of ill omen made his appearance, and four or five other similar instances are cited in corroboration of this tale.

The prevalence of these rumours on every occasion, is not a little fostered by the absurdly mysterious policy of government, which will not allow the introduction of, or at least previously causes the obnoxious pages to be cut out of, any works mentioning any of the murders which have taken place in the imperial family since the time of Peter, even to the assassination of Paul, although the latter is known in all its details, as well as any other public event.

If the nobility are thus utterly powerless, the clergy, at one time equally formidable to the czar, and whose influence might still be imagined to be so with a people blindly superstitious, has been converted by the wise and resolute policy of succeeding reigns, from an object of terror into a means of power.

Deprived of the remotest political weight, its sole effect is to propagate and strengthen those religious feelings amongst the people which can but render them more subservient to the emperor, who is head of the church, and whose authority is not looked upon in the same light in which the members of the church of England regard the supremacy of the British sovereign—as a mere nominal title—but rather with the implicit belief of a direct delegation of power from heaven, of the same nature as, in the eyes of the Roman Catholic, invested even the most ambitious and martial pontiffs with so sacred a character.

The Russian people may most naturally be divided into three great classes; viz., first, the landed aristocracy; second, all those who have been or are employed by government; third, the peasantry, whether private serfs, crown serfs, or freedmen.

The first of these classes, more polished than civilized, generally given to licentiousness and extravagance, and crushed by a sense of its humiliating con-



dition, is insignificant by its want of spirit and numbers, and, by the fact of a paramount influence which destroys that which it once possessed over its serfs, and which it has not even the means of counteracting by the dissemination amongst them of such enlarged and liberal ideas, as its own comparative civilization might suggest, and which might weaken the power of that arbitrary tyranny which is weighing it down, though without strengthening its own. Its members must therefore naturally bear in their hearts a bitter enmity to the oriental despotism which crushes them in the dust. At the close of the late Emperor Alexander's reign, they made a final effort to shake off this galling tyranny, and the numerous secret societies, which were conspiring against the imperial authority, included in their ranks some scion of every noble family in the empire, and with each were the hearts and wishes of the stock to which he belonged. These efforts terminated in a hasty and pusillanimously conducted attempt at rebellion on the accession of the present emperor, but he overturned it by his energy, and has since kept his heel upon the throats of the helplessly prostrate aristocracy which attempted to subvert his autocratic power.

This hatred is not, however, perceptible to the casual observations of the traveller; and few lips dare utter it in a state where, Venice-like, the very walls have ears, and it is only on a more intimate acquaintance that he can catch the accent of these universal curses, "not loud but deep." The conquered nobility may therefore now be considered harmlessly inimical to the imperial crown.

The second class—the nobility of office—raised in the very hotbed of corruption and venality, and divested not only of all public virtue, but of all private honesty, may be considered incapable of a patriotic idea, and can be animated by none but the most selfish feelings, which would naturally lead them to side with the strongest party in the event of any national commotion. And the inferior ranks of this class which constitute the great bulk of it, have been brought up traditionally to regard the imperial power as the most solid and unshakable of human institutions.

The third of these three great classes into which the Russian nation may be naturally divided—many times more numerous than the other two united—constitutes the bulk, the power, and the nerve of the Muscovite people. It is composed of a peasantry on whom civilization has yet made no impression, and knowledge thrown no ray of light. For, that a few can read, who are now allowed to read nothing but those prayers which were formerly read to them, and that they are now acquainted with the use of sugar and tobacco, will scarcely invalidate the assertion which we boldly venture to make—that they are as barbarous now as previous to the days of the first Peter—that they are, in fact, identically the same as a century and a half ago—in ideas, in manners and costume; as blindly superstitious, as servilely devoted as then, and have only transferred this feeling from their patriarchs and boyars to the person of a single ruler.

Counting its millions, as this class does, to the thousands of the preceding two, and animated as it is by the blind zeal of barbarism, it lies a ready and tremendous instrument of good or evil, in the hands of one man, to execute his commands with a reckless and fanatical devotion. This man is the Emperor Nicholas.

If we patiently exhaust the records of the world's past history, maturely and deliberately comparing the position of Nicholas with that of any sovereign who has at any time preceded him, we shall not in any age find a parallel to the fearful elements of power which lie at his disposal. A population of forty millions of Muscovite peasants look upon him as their "God upon earth;" such being the title by which they designate him in their prayers to that Being in whose eyes he is no more than the lowliest of his slaves.

If we could even suppose that, in the less densely peopled world of bygone centuries, any barbarian despot had ever ruled over any thing like a similar number of devoted followers, blindly obedient to one single leader, no leader in those remote ages, or of those barbarous followers, possessed the same advantages—the mechanism and administration of modern civilization—which the progress of other lands has given the Russian Tsar, whereby to render available the unwieldy strength of those inert masses.

To exercise so immediate an influence on the destiny of sixty millions of human beings for whose cultivation, happiness, and comfort, so much remains to be done, is assuredly the greatest and most noble task that was ever allotted to humanity: for we must admit that the words of the poet,

How few the ills which kings can cause or cure,

are little applicable here.

Having indicated on the one hand, the causes which would tend to invest a Russian autocrat with apparently stupendous power, it now remains to point out circumstances—arising partly from historical causes, partly from the policy of preceding reigns—which partially neutralize it, and render any rapid or real progress towards power or civilization so difficult, as to require for its accomplishment that such a man should unite in his character to the will to do good, with a degree of firmness, perspicuity, and talent, which unfortunately the world has seldom seen united in the hands of uncontrolled power.

Let us first give some account of the man, to whom Providence has intrusted this exalted mission. Nicolai Paulovitch, or "Nicholas the son of Paul," according to the universal habit of Russian nomenclatures, is now in the prime of life. He is of commanding stature, and presents not only the most imposing aspect of any living sovereign, but, as perfect as he is colossal in the proportions of his form, he may really be ranked among the handsomest men of Europe. When the whole of his guard, consisting of sixty thousand of the picked men of his empire, is reviewed by him in the Champ de Mars, the eye of the spectator may vainly wander over its ranks to find any one worthy of comparison with him for figure, for manly beauty, or for majesty of mien. When he gives the word of command, the deep and sonorous tones of his voice thrill, distinctly audible over the vast plain, where an army is manœuvring or a crowd looking on, as different from the voices of his numerous commanders, as the notes of an organ from the treble of a child. He is seen, however, to more advantage on foot than on horseback, because, being a stiff and it is said a very timid rider, the chargers he rides in public have always been "manéged" into the rocking-horse canter of the pitiable beasts which figure in the theatrical circus;—so that in the eyes of an Englishman this circumstance qualifies very materially the admiration his splendid equestrian figure would otherwise excite.

Nicholas has also of late years adopted the habit of staring around him with an air of severity, apparently imagining that this sternness of aspect imposes, whereas, like every thing assumed, it has a contrary effect, and rather takes away from the awe which his majestic figure and features could not fail to excite. He is said by all who knew him previous to his accession to the throne, to have altered so favourably in his personal appearance, that no one, in the

godlike-looking emperor—the crowned Apollo—could recognise the Grand-duke Nicholas. All the portraits taken of him at that period, showing him tall, slender, and unformed, his features thin and sharp, corroborate this statement.

Of the extent of his general knowledge and acquirements few have the privilege of judging, but like most princes of the present day, and like all Russians of high rank, he speaks fluently and without accent, several languages. French and German are familiar to him as his mother-tongue; the English he has learned, like all the other members of the imperial family, in the past and present generation, from very illiterate Scotch nurses and attendants, whose fidelity has always been appreciated in their nursery, and with whom Nicholas and his empress not unfrequently condescend to drink their tea. From these people the imperial family seem to derive many of their ideas of the English, and, including the emperor, are evidently grossly ignorant of the condition and the usages of British society. Thus the Grand-duke Michael, the emperor's brother, meets the clergyman of the British factory of St. Petersburg in the streets and addresses him in English, with "G—d— your eyes! how are you?" This is from no intention to insult, but only from his ignorance of the distinctions of society, which prevents his seeing the impropriety of thus expressing even the exuberance of his good humour towards a personage to whom in his character as a clergyman renders such expressions indecent from any man on earth.

Domestic and moderate in his habits, few princes have borne a more unblemished private character than the present emperor. A strict lover of justice, he has, for the first time since the reign of Peter I., endeavoured to enforce its rigid administration according to law—with what success will be shown hereafter. Apparently, earnestly desirous of improving the condition of his people and empire, and not contented, like his brother Alexander, with the barren good wishes of an inactive philanthropy, whose indulgence rendered the reign of the most benevolent of men sometimes as oppressive as that of his father Paul, Nicholas I. not only reigns, but undismayed by the laborious duties such an undertaking entails upon him, actually governs in person. On the other hand, he seems to entertain the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of his high prerogative and divine right, and the first consideration that actuates him seems to be the maintenance of its integrity. Severe and vindictive, clemency has never shown itself amongst his virtues.

The character of Nicholas, in all these particulars, differs widely from that of his mild and liberal-minded predecessor, who appreciating the right and suffering the wrong, because the indulgence of his disposition shrank from the task of clearing out the Augean stable, must have entailed upon himself only the more fearful responsibility.

Many instances are given, since the accession of the present emperor, of his unforgiving spirit, which even the completest triumph over his enemies does not apparently disarm: witness his treatment of those of the conspirators who disturbed the commencement of his reign, and who were banished to Siberia,—to whose condition, though years have elapsed, no alleviation has been allowed. This continuing to make the condemned suffer, where his sufferings can be no example, shows, at the least, a vindictive severity. Towards the Poles also, his conduct, always harsh, has been in some instances, painfully severe. These, as well as all political offenders, who are classed with assassins, have been carefully excluded from the amnesties which on several important occasions have extended a pardon to felons.

Under all circumstances, after the subjugation of Poland, a generous disposition might have contented itself with treating her according to the stern laws of conquest, not as Nicholas has done, according to the sanguinary code which established authority arrogates to itself the right of applying to rebellion. For this was scarcely a rebellion crushed, but a country reconquered. Regular armies fought regular armies, according to all the usages of international warfare: prisoners of war were made, and communications opened between the chiefs of the contending armies. The emperor himself received the delegates of his adversaries. When, however, he proved the strongest in the struggle, and the war was over, those prisoners who had fought as brave men in the field, who not submitting to a master, had surrendered on the faith of an exchange, and counting on a reciprocity of treatment, were, against their vows and wishes, made to serve their enemy, and drafted into condemned corps, where they were required to take the oath of allegiance to the emperor. Their condition, in these particulars, would of itself have been little preferable to that of British convicts; but their persecutor was not content with the misery of a hopeless servitude—a perpetual exile—thus inflicted on them; they were left the option between taking an oath against their conscience, which would render them participants in their own degradation, or the most fearful corporal sufferings. On refusing to take the oath, they were condemned to receive a number of lashes which alone would have been a fearful punishment for any offence; but still persisting as they did, one victim after another, each as resolute after as before his martyrdom—as determined in his refusal when he had seen his comrade expire under the lash as when first called out—was it not an unheard of barbarity to renew this torture at every fresh refusal, till death placed them beyond the power of human cruelty?

This is no exaggerated picture, no overstrained account of an occurrence which took place far in the interior; it is the plain narrative of what occurred on the termination of the Polish war, in the town of Cronstadt, not twenty miles from St. Petersburg, and precisely the point which holds most uninterrupted communication with Western Europe. Several hundred Polish prisoners, employed in working at the fortifications, were required, and almost unanimously refused, to take the oath. They were then made successively "to run the gauntlet," but still in almost every instance they persisted in their refusal, with a resolution worthy of admiration in any cause. Time after time they were thus carried out from the hospital, still unwavering in their heroism, to undergo the same infliction, till life or all sensation had departed from the mangled mass of flesh, which was consigned to the burial-cart, or to linger for weeks in a hospital, till relieved by the tardy kindness of death, and in some few cases to recover in several months, crippled and maimed, to drag on a miserable existence, chained to felons and assassins.

The commission of these barbarities, perpetrated in view of all the inhabitants of Cronstadt, lasted many weeks, and could not have taken place without the imperial knowledge. Suppressing for a moment the feelings of indignant humanity, which this recital must arouse, let us even suppose these victims to have been utterly misguided men, and rebels against the most legitimate and lawful authority;—did it not require the ferocity of times now happily gone by in the greatest part of Europe, to persecute to such inhuman extremes a pertinacity which proved not to be the dogged obstinacy of an individual mutineer, but which was evidently the generous, even had it been the erroneous conviction of a whole body, who preferred death and torture to dishonour!—[To be Continued.]

## MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

## PART X.

On reaching the prison I gave up all for lost; sullenly resigned myself to what now seemed the will of fate; and without a word, except in answer to the interrogatory of my name and country, followed the two horrid-looking ruffians who performed the office of turnkeys. St. Lazare had been a monastery, and its massiveness, grimness, and confusion of building with its extreme silence at that late hour, gave me the strongest impression of a huge catacomb above ground. The door of a cell was opened for me after traversing a long succession of cloisters; and on a little wooden tressle, and wrapt in my cloak I attempted to sleep. But if sleep has not much to boast of in Paris at any time, what was it then? I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was roused by a rapid succession of musket-shots, fired at the opposite side of the cloister, the light of torches flashing through the long avenues, and the shouts of men and women in wrath, terror, and agony. I threw myself off my uneasy bed, and clanking up by my prison bars, endeavouring to ascertain the cause of the *mélée*. But the imperfect light served little more than to show a general mustering of the national guard in the court, and a huge and heavy building, into which they were discharging random shots whenever a head appeared at its casements. A loud huzza followed whenever one of those shots appeared to take effect, and a laugh equally loud ran through the ranks when the bullet wasted its effect on the massive mullions or stained glass of the windows. A tall figure on horseback, whom I afterwards learned to be Henriot, the commandant of the national guard, galloped up and down the court with the air of a general-in-chief manoeuvring an army. I think that he actually had provided himself with a truncheon to meet all the emergencies of supreme command. While this sanguinary, and yet mocking representation of warfare was going on, M. le Commandant was in full eloquence and prodigious gesticulation. "A la gloire, mes-enfants!" was his constant cry. "Fight, mes braves! the honor of France demands it: the eyes of Europe—the world—are turned upon you. *Vive la République!*" And all this accompanied with waving his hat, and spurring his horse into foam and fury. But fortune is a jade after all; and the hero of the tricolor scarf was destined to have his laurels a little shorn, even on this narrow field. While his charger was caracoling over the cloisters, and his veterans from the cellars and counters of Paris were popping off their muskets at the unfortunates who started up against the old casement, I heard a sudden rush and run; a low postern of the cloister had been flung back; and the prisoners within the building had made a sally on their tormentors. A massacre at the Bicêtre, in which six thousand had perished, had warned these unhappy people that neither the prison wall, nor night, was to be security against the rage of bloodhounds with whom murder seemed to have grown into a pastime; and after having seen several of their number shot down within their dungeon, they determined to attack them, and, if they must die, at least die in manly defence. Their rush was perfectly successful; it had the effect of a complete surprise; and though their only weapons were fragments of their firewood—for all fire-arms and knives had been taken from them immediately on their entrance into the prison—they routed the heroes of the guard at the first charge. Even the gallant commander himself only shared the chance of his "camarades;" a flourish or two of his sabre, and an adjuration of "liberty," had no other effect than to insure a heavier shower of blows, and I had the gratification of seeing the braggadocio go down from his saddle in the midst of a group, who certainly had no veneration for the majesty of the truncheon. The victory was achieved; but, like many another victory, it produced no results; the gates of the St. Lazare were too strongly guarded to be forced by an unarmed crowd, and I saw the prisoners successively and gloomily return to the only roof, melancholy as that was, which now could shelter them.

The morning brought my case before the authorities of this den. Half a dozen coarse and filthy uniformed men, and some of them evidently sufferers in the tumult of the night, for their heads were bound up and their arms bandaged—a matter which, if it did not improve their appearance, gave me every reason to expect increased brutishness in their tempers—formed the tribunal. The hall in which they had established their court had once been the kitchen of the convent; and, though all signs of hospitality had vanished, its rude and wild construction, its stone floor and vaulted roof, and even its yawning and dark recesses for the different operations which, in other days, had made it a scene of busy cheerfulness, now gave it a look of dreariness in the extreme. I could have easily imagined it to be a chamber of the Inquisition. But men in my circumstances have not much time for the work of fancy; and I was instantly called upon my name, and business in France. I had heard enough of popular justice to believe, that I had now arrived within sight of the last struggle, and I resolved to give the ruffians no triumph over the Englishman.

"Citizen, who are you?" was the first interrogatory.

"I am no citizen, no Frenchman, and no republican," was my answer. My judges stared at each other.

"You are a prisoner. How came you here?"

"You are judges; how came you there?"

"You are charged with crimes against the Republic."

"In my country no man is expected to criminate himself."

"But you are a traitor: can you deny that?"

"I am no traitor to my king; can you say as much for yourselves?" They now began to cast furious glances at me.

"You are insolent: what brought you into the territory of France?"

"The same thing which placed you on that bench—force."

"Are you mad?"

"No—are you?"

"Do you know that we can send you to the?"

"If you do, I shall only go before you."

This put an end to my interrogatory at once. I had accidentally touched upon the nerve which quivered in every bosom of these fellows. There was a singular presentiment among even the boldest of the Revolutionists, that the new order of things would not last, and that, when the change came, it would be a bloody one. Life had become sufficiently precarious already among the possessors of power; and the least intimation of death was actually formidable to a race of villains whose hands were hourly imbrued in slaughter. I had been hitherto placed in scarcely more than surveillance. An order for my confinement as a "Brigand Anglais," was made out by the indignant "commission," and I was transferred from my narrow and lonely cell into the huge crowded building in the opposite cloisters, which had been the scene of the attack on the previous night. I could, with Cato, "smile on the drawn dagger and defy its point." I walked out with the air of a Cato.

This change, intended for my infinite degradation until the guillotine should have dispatched its business in arrears, I found much to my advantage. The man who expects nothing, cannot be hurt by disappointment; and when I was

conducted from my solitary cell into the midst of four or five hundred prisoners, I felt the human feelings kindle in me, which had been chilled between my four stone walls.

The prisoners with whom I was now to take my chance, were all ranks, professions, and degrees of crime. The true crime in the eyes of the republic being to be rich.

Yet there the culprit had some hope of being suffered to live, at least when daily examinations, with the hourly perspective of the axe, could make him contribute to the purses of the tribunal. Those who happened to be poor, were found guilty of *incrimine* at once, and were daily drafted off to the Place de Grève, from which they never returned. But some of the prisoners were from La Vendée, peasants mixed with nobles; who, though no formal shape of resistance to the republic was yet declared, had exhibited enough of that gallant contempt of the new tyranny, which afterwards immortalized the name, to render them obnoxious to the ruffians at its head. It was this sturdy portion which had made the dash on the night of the riot, and their daring had the effect, at least, of saving their fellow-prisoners in future from being made marks, to teach the national guard the art of shooting. Even their sentries kept a respectful distance; and Mr. Henriot, wisely mindful of his flagellation, flourished his staff of command no more within our cloister. We were, in fact, left almost wholly to ourselves. Yet if a philosopher desired to take a lesson in human nature, this was the spot of earth for the study. We had it in every shape and shade. We had it in the wits and blockheads, the courtiers and the clowns, the opulent and the ruined, the brave and the pusillanimous—and all under the strangest pressure of those feelings which rouse the nature of man to its most undisguised display. Death was before every eye. Where was the use of wearing a mask, when the wearer was so soon to part with his head? Pretence gradually vanished, and a general spirit of boldness, frankness, and something if not exactly of dignity, at least of manliness, superseded the customary cringing of society under a despotism. In all but the name, we were better republicans than the tribe who shouted in the streets, or robbed in the tribunals.

I made the remark one day to the Marquis de Cassini, a philosopher and pupil of the great Buffon. "The reason is," said he, "that men differ chiefly by circumstances, as they differ chiefly by their clothes. Throw off their dress, whether embroidery or rags, and you will find the same number of ribs in them all."

"But my chief surprise is, to find in this prison more mutual kindness, and, in every sense, more generosity of sentiment, than one generally expects to meet in the world."

"Helvetius would tell you that all this was self-interest," was my pale visaged and contemplative friend's reply. "But I always regarded M. Helvetius in the light of a well-trained baboon, who thought when men stared at his tricks, they were admiring his talents. The truth is, that self-interest is the mere creature of society, and is the most active in the basest society. It is the combined cowardice and cruelty of men struggling for existence; the savageness of the forest, where men cannot gather acorns enough to share with their fellows; the effort for life, where there is but one plank in a storm, and where, if you are to cling at all, it must be by drowning the weaker party. But here," and he cast his eyes calmly round the crowd, "as there is not the slightest possibility that any one of us will escape, we have the better opportunity of showing our original *bienveillance*. All the struggling on earth will not save us from the guillotine; and therefore we resolve to accommodate each other for the rest of our journey."

I agreed with him on the philosophy of the case, and in return he introduced me to some of the Vendean nobles, who had hitherto exhibited their general scorn of Parisian contact by confining themselves to the circle of their followers. I was received with the distinction due to my introducer, and was invited to join their supper that night. The prison had once been the chapel of the convent; and though the desecration had taken place a hundred years before, and the revolutionary spoil had spared but little of the remaining ornaments, the original massiveness of the building, and the nobleness of the architecture, had withstood the assaults of both time and plunder. The roofs of the aisles could not be reached except by flame, and the monuments of the ancient priors and prelates, when they had once been stripped of their crosses, were too solid for the passing fury of the mob. And thus, in the midst of emblems of mortality, and the recollections of old solemnity, were set some hundred of people who know as little of each other as if they had met in a caravansary, and who, perhaps, expected to part as soon. The scene was curious, but by no means uncheerful. The national spirit is inextinguishable; and, however my countrymen may bear up against the extremes of ill-fortune, no man meets its beginnings with so easy an air as the man of France. Our supper was laid out in one of the side chapels: and coarse and scanty as it was, I seldom recollect an evening which I passed with a lighter sense of the burden of a prisoner's time. I found the Vendean nobles a manlier race than their more courtly countrymen. Yet they had a courtliness of their own; but it was more the manner of our own country gentlemen of the last century than the polish of Versailles. Their habits of living on their domains, of country sports, of intercourse with their peasantry, and of the general simplicity of country life, had drawn a strong line of distinction between them and the dukes and marquises of the royal saloons. Like all Frenchmen of the day, they conversed largely upon the politics of France; but there was a striking reserve in their style. The existing royal family were but little mentioned, or mentioned only with a certain kind of sacred respect. Their misfortunes prohibited the slightest severity of language. Yet still it was not difficult to see, that those straightforward and honest lords of the soil, who were yet to prove themselves the true chevaliers of France, could feel as acutely, and express as strongly, the injuries inflicted by the absurdities and vices of the successive administrations of their reign, as if they had figured in the clubs of the capital. But the profligacies of the preceding monarch, and the tribe of fools and knaves whom those profligacies as naturally gathered round him as the plague propagates its own contagion, met with no mercy. And, though they were spoken of with the gravity which became the character and rank of the speakers, they were denounced with a sternness which seemed beyond the morals or the mind of their country. Louis XV., Du Barri, and the whole long succession of corrupting and corrupted cabinets, which had at length rendered the monarchy odious, were denounced in terms worthy of gallant men; who, though resolved to sink or swim with the throne, experienced all the bitterness of generous indignation at the crimes which had raised the storm.

We had our songs too, and some of them were as contemptuous as ever came from the pen of Parisian satire. Among many recollections of the night was one of those songs, of which the refrain was—

"Le Bien-Aimé—de l'Almanac."

A burlesque on the title—Le Bien-Aimé, &c., which the court calendar, and



the court calendar alone, had annually given to the late king. I can offer only a paraphrase.

"Louis Quinze, our burning shame,  
Hear our song, 'old well-beloved,'  
What if courts and camps are tame,  
Pension'd beggars laced and gloved,  
France's love grows rather slack,  
Idol of—the Almanac.

"Let your flatterers hang or drown,  
We are of another school;  
Truth no more shall be put down,  
We can call a fool a fool,  
Fearless of Bastile or rack,  
Titus of—the Almanac.

"Louis, trample on your serfs,  
We'll be trampled on no more,  
Revel in your *parc aux cerfs*,  
Eat and drink—'twill soon be o'er.  
France will steer another tack,  
Solon of—the Almanac!

"Hear your praises from your pages,  
Hear them from your liveried lords,  
Let your valets earn their wages,  
Liars, living on their words;  
We'll soon give them nuts to crack,  
Cæsar of—the Almanac!

"When a dotard fills the throne,  
Fit for nothing but a nurse,  
When a nation's general groan,  
Yields to nothing but its curse;  
What are armies at thy back,  
Henri of—the Almanac!

"When the truth is bought and sold,  
When the wrongs of man are spurn'd,  
Then the crown's last knell is toll'd.  
Then, old Time, thy glass has turn'd,  
And comes flying from thy pack  
To nations a new Almanac!

"Mistress, minister, Bourbon,  
Rule by bayonets, bribes, and spies,  
Charlatans in church and throne,  
France is opening all her eyes—  
Down go minion, king and quack,  
We'll have our new Almanac!"

When I returned to the place where my mattress was flung, the crowd had already sunk to rest, and there was a general silence throughout the building. The few lights which our jailers supplied to us, had become fewer; and, except for the heavy sound of the doubled sentries' tread outside, I might have imagined myself in a vast cemetery. The agitation of the day, followed by the somewhat unsuitable gaiety of the evening, had thrown me into such a state of mental and bodily fatigue, that I had scarcely laid my side on my bed, untempering as it was, when I dropped into a heavy slumber. The ingenuity of our tormentors, however, prohibited our knowing any thing in the shape of indulgence; and in realisation of the dramatist's renowned *mot*, "traitors never sleep," the prison door was suddenly flung open—a drum rattled through the aisle—the whole body of the prisoners were ordered to stand forth and answer to their names; this ceremony concluding with the march of the whole night-guard into the chapel, and their being ordered to load with ball-cartridge, to give us the sufficient knowledge of what any attempt to escape would bring upon us in future. This refinement in cruelty we owed to the *escapade* of the night before.

At length, after a variety of insulting queries, even this scene was over. The guard marched out, the roll of their drum passed away among the cloisters; we went shivering to our beds—threw ourselves down dressed as we were, and tried to forget France and our jailers.

But a French night in those times was like no other, and I had yet to witness a scene such as I believe could not have existed in any other country of the globe.

After some period of feverish sleep I was awakened by a strange murmur, which, mixing with my dreams, had given me the comfortless idea of hearing the roar of the multitude at some of the horrid displays of the guillotine; and as I half opened my unwilling eyes, still heavy with sleep, I saw a long procession of figures, in flowing mantles and draperies, moving down the huge hall. A semicircle of beds filled the extremity of the chapel, which had been vacated by a draft of unfortunate beings, carried off during the day to that dreadful tribunal, whose sole employment seemed to be the supply of the axe, and from which no one was ever expected to return. While my eyes, with a strange and almost superstitious anxiety—such is the influence of time and place—followed this extraordinary train, I saw it take possession of the range of beds; each new possessor sitting wrapt in his pale vesture, and perfectly motionless. I can scarcely describe the singular sensations with which I continued to gaze on the spectacle. My eyes sometimes closed, and I almost conceived that the whole was a dream; but the forms were too distinct for this conjecture, and the question with me now became, "are they flesh and blood?" I had not sunk so far into reverie as to imagine that they were the actual spectres of the unhappy tenants of those beds on the night before, all of whom were now, doubtless, in the grave; but the silence, the distance, the dimness perplexed me, and I left the question to be settled by the event. At a gesture from the central figure they all stood up—and a man loaded with fetters was brought forward in front of their line. I now found that a trial was going on: the group were the judges, the man was the presumed criminal; there was an accuser, there was an advocate—in short, all the general process of a trial was passing before my view. Curiosity would naturally have made me spring from my bed and approach this extraordinary spectacle; but I am not ashamed now to acknowledge, that I felt a nervelessness and inability to speak or move, which for the time wholly awed me. All that I could discover was, that the accused was charged with *incivisme*, and that, defying the court and disdaining the charge, he was pronounced guilty—the whole circle, standing up as the sentence was pronounced, and with a solemn waving of their arms and murmur of their voices, assenting to the act of the judge. The victim was then seized on, swept away into the darkness, and after a brief pause I heard a shriek and a crash; the

sentence had been fulfilled—all was over. The court now covered their heads with their mantles, as if in sorrow for this formidable necessity.

But how shall I speak of the closing scene? However it surprised and absorbed me in that moment of nervous excitement, I can allude to it now only as characteristic of a time when every mind in France was half lunatic. I saw a figure enveloped in star-colored light emerge from the darkness, slowly ascend, in a vesture floating round it like the robes which Raphael or Guido gives to the beings of another sphere, and, accompanied by a burst of harmony as it rose, ascend to the roof, where it suddenly disappeared. All was instantly the silence and the darkness of the grave.

Daylight brought back my senses, and I was convinced that the pantomimic spirit of the people, however unaccountably it might disregard proprieties, had been busy with the scene. I should now certainly have abandoned the supernatural portion of the conjecture altogether; but on mentioning it to Cassini, he let me into the solution at once.

"Have you never observed," said he, "the passion of all people for walking on the edge of a precipice, climbing a church tower, looking down from a battlement, or doing any one thing which gives them the nearest possible chance of breaking their necks?—then you can comprehend the performance of last night. Here we are, like fowls in a coop: every day sees some of us taken out; and the amusement of the remaining fowls is to imagine how the heads of the others were taken from their bodies." The prisoners were practising a trial.

I gave an involuntary look of surprise at this species of amusement, and remarked something on the violation of common feeling—to say nothing of the almost profaneness which it involved.

"As to the feeling," said Cassini, with that shrug which no shoulders but those of a Frenchman can ever give, "it is a matter of taste; and perhaps we have no right to dictate in such matters to persons who would think a week a long lease of life, and who, instead of seven days, may not have so many hours. As to the profanation, if your English scruples made you sensitive on such points, I can assure you that you might have seen some things much more calculated to excite your sensibilities. The display last night was simply the trial of a royalist; and as we are all more or less angry with republicanism at this moment, and with some small reason too, the royalist, though he was condemned, as every body now is, was suffered to have his apotheosis. But I have seen exhibitions in which the republican was the criminal, and the scene that followed was really startling even to my rather callous conceptions. Sometimes we even had one of the colossal ruffians who are now lording it over France. I have seen St. Just, Couthon, Carrier, Danton, nay Robespierre himself, arraigned before our midnight tribunal; for this amusement is the only one which we can enjoy without fear of interruption from our jailers. Thus we enjoy it with the greater gusto, and revenge ourselves for the tribulations of the day by trying our tormentors at night."

"I am satisfied with the reason, although I am not yet quite reconciled to the performance. Who were the actors?"

"You are now nearer the truth than you suspected. We have men of every trade here, and, among the rest, we have actors enough to stock the *Comédie Française*. If you remain long enough among us, you will see some of the best farces of the best time played uncommonly well by our fellow *détenus*. But in the interior—for our stage is permitted by the municipality to open in the St. Lazare only four times a month—a piece of cruelty which we all regard as intolerable—our actors refresh their faculties with all kinds of displays. You acknowledge that the scene last night was well got up; and if you should see the trial of some of our 'Grands Démocrates,' be assured that your admiration will not be attracted by showy vesture, blue lights, or the harmonies of the old æsthetic organ in yonder gallery: our pattern will be taken from the last scene of 'Il Don Giovanni.' You will have no pasteboard figure suspended from the roof, and wafted upward in starlight or moonlight. But if you wish to see the exhibition, I am concerned to tell you that you must wait; for to-night all our *artistes* are busy. In what, do you conceive?"

I professed my inability to fathom "the infinite resources of the native mind, where amusement was the question."

"Well then—not to keep you in suspense—we are to have a masquerade."

The fact was even so. France having grown tired of all things that had been, grew tired of weeks, and Decades were the law of the land. The year was divided into packs of ten days each, and she began the great game of time by shuffling and cutting her cards anew. The change was not marked by any peculiar good fortune; for it was laughed at, as every thing in France was except an order for deportation to the colonies, or a march to the scaffold. The populace, fully admitting the right of government to deal with kings and priests as it pleased, regarded the interference with their pleasure as a breach of compact; and the result was, that the populace had their *Dimanche* as well as their *Decadi*, and that the grand experiment for wiping out the Sunday, issued in giving them two holidays instead of one.

It was still early in the day when some bustle in the porch of the prison turned all eyes towards it, and a new detachment of prisoners was brought in. I shall say nothing of the scenes of wretchedness which followed; the wild terrors of women on finding themselves in this melancholy place, which looked, and was, scarcely more than a vestibule to the tomb; the deep distress of parents, with their children clinging round them, and the general despair—a despair which was too well founded. Yet the tumult of their settling and distribution among the various quarters of the chapel had scarcely subsided when another scene was at hand. The commissary of the district came in, with a list of the prisoners who were summoned before the tribunal. Our prison population was like the waters of a bath, as one stream flowed in another flowed out; the level was constantly sustained. With an instinctive pang I heard my name pronounced among those unhappy objects of sanguinary rule. Cassini approached me with a smile, which he evidently put on to conceal his emotion.

"This is quick work, M. Marston," said he, taking my hand. "As the ruffian in the school fable says, 'Hodie tibi, cras mihi'—twelve hours will probably make all the difference between us."

I took off the little locket containing my last remembrance of Clotilde, and put it into his hands, requesting him, if he survived, to transmit it to his incomparable countrywoman, with an assurance that I remembered her in an hour when all else was forgotten.

"I shall perform the part of your legatee," said he, "till to-morrow; then I will find some other depositary. Here you must know that hairship is rapid and that the will is executed before the ink is dry." He turned away to hide a tear. "I have not known you long, sir," said he; "but in this place we must be expeditious in every thing. You are too young to die. If you are sacrificed, I am convinced that you will die like a gentleman and a man of honour. And yet I have some feeling, some presentiment, nay almost a con-

sciousness, that you will not be cut off, at least until you are as weary of the world as I am."

I endeavoured to put on a face of resignation, if not of cheerfulness, and said, "That though my country might revenge my death, my being engaged in its service would only make my condemnation inevitable. But I was prepared."

"But at all events, my young friend," said he, "if you escape from this pandemonium of France, take this paper, and vindicate the memory of Cassini."

He gave me a memoir, which I could not help receiving with a smile, from the brevity of the period during which the trust was likely to hold. The gendarme now came up to demand my attendance. I shook hands with the marquis, who at that moment was certainly no philosopher, and followed the train.

We were about fifty in number; and after being placed in open artillery wagons, the procession moved rapidly through the suburb, until we reached one of those dilapidated and hideous-looking buildings which were then to be found startling the stranger's eye with the recollections of the St. Bartholomew and the Fronde.

A crowd, assembled round the door of one of these melancholy shades, and the bayonets of a company of the national guard glittering above their heads, at length indicated the place of our destination. The crowd shouted, and called us "aristocrats, thirsting for the blood of the good citizens." The line of the guard opened, and we were rapidly passed through several halls, the very dwelling of decay, until we reached a large court, where the prisoners remained while the judges were occupied in deciding on the fate of the train which the morning had already provided. I say nothing of the insults which were intended, if not to add new bitterness to death, to indulge the wretched men and women who could find an existence in attending on the offices of the tribunal, with opportunities of triumphing over those born to better things. While we remained in the court exposed to the weather, which was now cold and gusty, shouts were heard at intervals, which, as the turnkeys informed us, arose from the spectators of the executions—death, in these fearful days, immediately following sentence. Yet, to the last, the ludicrous often mingled with the melancholy. While I was taking my place in the file, according to the order of our summons, and was next in rotation for trial, a smart and overdressed young man stepped out of his place in the rank, and drawing from his bosom a pamphlet in manuscript, presented it to me, with the special entreaty that, "in case I survived, I should take care of its propagation throughout Europe." My answer naturally was, "That my fate was fully as precarious as that of the rest, and that thus I had no hope of being able to give his pamphlet to mankind."

"*Mais, monsieur*," that phrase which means so many inexpressible things—"But, sir, you must observe, that by putting my pamphlet into your charge, it has a double chance. You may read it as a part of your defence; it is a treatise on the government of France, which settles all the disputed questions, reconciles republicanism with monarchy, and shows how a revolution may be made to purify all things without overthrowing any. Thus my sentiments will become public at once, the world will be enlightened, and, though you may perish, France will be saved."

Nothing could be more convincing; yet I continued stubborn. He persisted. I suggested the "possibility of my not being suffered to make any defence whatever; but of being swept away at once; in this case endangering the total loss of his conceptions to the world;" but I had to deal with a man of resources.

"No," said the author and philanthropist; for that event I have provided. I have a second copy folded on my breast, which I shall read when I am called on for trial. Then those immortal truths shall not be left to accident; I shall have two chances for celebrity; the labour of my life shall be known; nor shall the name of Jean Jacques Pelletier go to the tomb without the renown due to a philosopher."

But further deprecation on my part was cut short by the appearance of two of the guard, by whom I was marched to the presence of the tribunal.

## DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN TWO OF THE GREAT POWERS OF EUROPE.

READER,—did you ever hear the history of Zingarelli's journey to Paris?

No. Then listen.

The name, if not the man, must be familiar to you, as the master of Bellini and Mercadante, and director of the Conservatorio at Naples; and as regards his musical works, those who will not plead guilty to having heard his glorious "Ombra Adorata" from the lips of Madame Catalani, thirty years ago, at least, need not be ashamed of the admiration it excited in their bosoms when performed more recently by the far more exquisite genius of Malibran. The "Romeo e Giulietta" of Zingarelli is one of the few operas belonging to the early years of the present century, that retains possession of the stage.

Zingarelli was in the prime of life, and Chapel-master at the Duomo of Milan, when the death of that great master of harmony, Guglielmi, caused him to be elected to the grand mastership of the order,—and as first Chapel-master of the Vatican, the musician soon began to fancy himself endued with a portion of papal infallibility, and to fulminate his bulls against the heresies of the musical and all other worlds. While filling this important office, he composed some of the finest masses extant; and it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the beauty of his "Miserere," without accompaniments, or his celebrated funeral mass for the obsequies of Louis de Medicis, the foreign minister at the court of Naples.

But while occupying the papal chair of the world of Harmony, Zingarelli not only

Bore like the Turk no brother near the throne,

but endured with some impatience that there should be other thrones and dominions to interfere with his authority. Italian to the heart's core, he could never persuade himself to regard Napoleon as other than a Corsican or half-breed; and on the birth of his son by the Austrian archduchess, the nomination of the heir of the empire as King of the Romans filled him with disgust and indignation. From that day Zingarelli threw down the gauntlet and declared war, single-handed, against Napoleon.

On occasion of the auspicious event of the birth of an heir, a *Te Deum* was sung in all the cities of the empire; and a notice preparatory to that effect having been issued by the Comte de Tournon, the prefect of Rome, the Sacred College and united clergy of the Holy See—cardinals, bishops, abbots, priests, deacons, sacristans—made their appearance duly in St. Peter's for the celebration of the solemn rite.

But when assembled,—where was the music!—The organs were there,—but where the organists!—Where the Maestro di Cappella!—Where Zingarelli!

reli!—and the echoes of the Vatican answered in their most grumbling voices—"WHERE?"

Cited before the Sacred College to answer for his absence, Zingarelli admitted without shame or compunction that he had given a holiday to his choristers—that he had locked up the music of the *Te Deum*—that he had purposely absented himself from his post!—He knew nothing about the King of the Romans—not he!—he acknowledged no king but Caesar.—He was Chapel-master of St. Peter's, to sing to the praise and glory of God, and not to the praise and glory of Napoleon!

To read these words now, makes little impression, for Waterloo has been fought, and St. Helena inflicted; and after being precipitated to the dust by Wellington, the early greatness and authority of Napoleon is "like the baseless fabric of a vision." But when the King of Rome was born to him, Napoleon Bonaparte was the most powerful potentate of modern times; and few, even of antiquity, instituted such complete autocracy. It was something, therefore, to fling a challenge in his teeth, and call him out in the face of Europe. No wonder that the cheeks of their eminences glowed with horror and indignation as they listened, even to the hue of the scarlet hats of cardinalship.

A report was of course duly forwarded to Paris of the recalcitrancy of the Chapel-master, and the shame and confusion to which it had given rise. Nor was so much as a water-carrier in Rome surprised when, at the close of three weeks, an order arrived to forward the offending musician to Paris, a close prisoner. According to the strict letter of his instructions, the prefect was entitled to throw him into a police-van, and deliver him from station to station, till he reached the French capital. But if Fouché did not know better, Monsieur de Tournon did! Aware of the Quixotic character with which he had to deal, and as certain Zingarelli would proceed as straight to Paris if left on parole, as Regulus to Carthage, he advised him to step into the diligence, that he might answer for himself to the infuriated emperor; and for the future, dismiss his crotchets from his hand, and stick to his quavers.

Arrived in Paris, Zingarelli took up his quarters, with cool self-possession, in the house of his friend and brother musician, Grétry, signifying to Fouché that he had the honour to wait his orders; and every day did Grétry expect to see the gendarmes arrive at his house to possess themselves of the person of the culprit.

For a whole week, however, not the slightest notice was taken. But on the eighth day arrives the almoner of Cardinal Fesch, with a purse containing three thousand francs in gold (120*l.*) for the travelling expenses of Zingarelli, and a courteous request that he will enjoy freely the various amusements of the capital.

Two months afterwards an equally courteous desire is intimated through the same channel, that he will devote his leisure to a composition of a mass for the chapel royal; and so Zingarelli, whose animosities were becoming a little subdued by the influence of the Parisian atmosphere, and the sight of the arts of peace flourishing—in spite of his own and European warfare—as they had never done in France since the time of Louis le Grand, or in Italy since the days of the Medici, sat so earnestly to work, that in six days his composition was achieved.

This mass was executed on the 12th of January, 1812, at the royal chapel of the Tuileries; and at the close of the performance, five thousand francs, or two hundred guineas, were placed in the hands of the defeated enemy.

But this did not suffice. At that period the *Concerts Spirituels* were in their glory; and it was the custom to celebrate the festival of Easter with sacred music at the Palace of the Elysée, in a style rivaling the former renowned perfection of the Abbaye de Longchamps. Zingarelli was accordingly commissioned to compose new music for five verses of the *Stabat Mater*; and when Good Friday arrived, an orchestra, in which, amongst others, figured Crescentini, Nourrit, Laes, and Madame Brancher, made its appearance at the Elysée in presence of their Imperial Majesties, to do honour to the new *chef-d'œuvre*.

The effect was miraculous, and rapturous was the applause of that discerning and most brilliant court. The verse beginning "*Viridum dulcem natum*," had been assigned to Crescentini, who, in honour of so august an assembly, chose to accompany himself on the organ; and so exquisite was his performance, so admirable the second between the harmonious tones of the instrument and voice of the sublime musician, that every breath was suspended while he sung.

A signal given by the emperor that the verse should be repeated, was hailed with general thankfulness.

Another liberal gratuity was now forwarded to Zingarelli, accompanied by an intimation that whenever he felt disposed to resume his duties at Rome, his passport and travelling expenses were at his disposal!

Now we appeal to the unbiased opinion of the reader, whether, among the numberless enemies whom Napoleon honoured with a drubbing, he ever achieved a more complete victory than over the author of "Romeo e Giulietta!"

Zingarelli, indeed, when bantered on the subject of his forced march to Paris, used to exclaim, to the day of his death, "All the same, I did not give way. I was never asked to acknowledge the King of Rome; and the *Te Deum* was never sung!"

But no one more truly lamented the downfall of the princely patron of the arts by whom he had been so nobly forced into a pacification; and though he refused a triumphal song to the birth of a King of the Romans, he poured forth his notes of sadness, unbidden, for the untimely death of the Duc de Reichstadt.

The greatest joy of the veteran composer, was to witness the growing triumphs of Bellini! But he could never assign any exact identity to that ill-fated young man. While others spoke of the director of the Conservatorio as the "master of Bellini"—he persisted in believing that the indulgence of Europe was chiefly directed towards the author of "Pirata" and "Norma," as "the pupil of—Zingarelli!"

## NAPOLÉON AT THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM.

From "Military Tableaux; or, Scenes from the Wars of Napoleon, Sketched in the manner of Callot."

It is the year 1809, a year that rose with the most brilliant hopes, to set, like so many of its predecessors, in sadness and sorrow. The sudden rising in Spain had cast a ray of vivid light over Europe; the spell of French invincibility had been broken at Baylen and Vimeira; oppressed nations began to cherish almost forgotten hopes; the spirit of Germany awoke from the stunning efforts of adversity, and Austria, taking the lead in the patriot cause, marshalled all



the remaining resources of her gallant people to strike one more blow for her own and the world's freedom.

The most numerous and best-equipped German army which had ever taken the field, was assembled, and placed under the orders of the Archduke Charles, a prince distinguished by his early victories, and possessing, in the highest degree, the love and confidence of the troops. Like Wallenstein, the saviour of the Austrian monarchy in the seventeenth century, the new generalissimo was intrusted with absolute power, and relieved from the baneful control of the Aulic council. And, if talents and heroism deserved to be intrusted with such absolute authority, it could not have been more worthily bestowed than on his imperial highness; for none doubted his abilities, and his personal heroism was conspicuously displayed in every action in which he commanded. But there were drawbacks to such high qualities, and they were, unfortunately, of a nature to render them totally unavailing. Personally the bravest of the brave, his imperial highness was altogether destitute of that mental courage which can alone give effect to the genius of a commander and to the bravery of the troops. This was known before the breaking out of the war, for men of observation had perceived it, even in the prince's early campaigns; but the love entertained for him by the soldiers, his high station, and the hopes that the enthusiasm of the army and the nation would extend even to its chief, and give him that confidence in himself and his followers, so essential to victory, placed him in a situation which, as the wise foretold, and the result proved, he was unable to fill.

But no doubts checked the ardour of the Austrian troops, and, in April 1809, more than 150,000 men crossed the frontier in the full hope of victory and conquest.

But Austria, weakened by so many previous disasters, had required more time to perfect her military arrangements than was at first anticipated; and the French were already in posture to meet the onset before a single blow could be dealt. Napoleon received the news that Austria was arming at the very time when he was engaged in pursuing Sir John Moore's army towards Corunna, and seems to have made the information an excuse for avoiding a personal contest with the British; for he had hardly come up with their rear-guard, and witnessed the defeat of the chassours of his guard, overthrown, near Benevento, by Lord Paget, now Marquess of Anglesea, at the head of the 10th Hussars, than he resigned the command of the army to Marshal Soult, and retired to Valladolid. whence, after some stay, he returned to Paris. Here preparations were rapidly made for assembling the forces of his vast empire; from all parts of France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, troops were hurried towards the theatre of war. When all was ready, the Emperor himself insulted the Austrian ambassador at a public levee, even as he had before insulted Lord Witworth, ordered him to be conducted by gendarmes, as a common prisoner, beyond the frontier, and then set out for Germany to assume the command of the mighty army already assembled on the Danube.

He arrived at an important moment. The Austrians, after much delay, were already in the field, and advancing with five corps on the south, and two on the north, of the river; they were in great force, but were still, contrary to the assertions of Scott, and Alison, and others, who have followed only Pelet and French authorities, outnumbered at the very outset of the campaign. Davoust, stationed with a single corps at Ratisbon, was in danger of being overwhelmed, when the rapid advance of the whole French army, and the tardy movements of the Archduke, extricated him from his perilous situation. Fighting fiercely, displaying great skill and gallantry, he fell back to form the left wing of the grand army, while his right wing and centre were advancing with the confidence and rapidity of troops long accustomed to victory. The Austrians paused and hesitated, and while their right was still pressing Davoust's corps, Napoleon broke through their centre, and separated the main body from the left wing. The victor having pursued the defeated troops across the Inn, counter-marched, and turned against the Archduke Charles, who had profited little by the absence of his formidable adversary. An action took place near Eckmühl, and another in front of Ratisbon, which the Austrians had taken; but as they were only fought to cover the retreat of the Austrian army, which was duly effected, they led to no very decisive results. But though the combats had not been very sanguinary, the consequences were extremely unfavourable to the vanquished. The confidence and enthusiasm with which they had taken the field were greatly depressed; and numbers of men, dispersed during the actions, fought mostly in woods and forests, and who would, in ordinary cases, have regained their regiments, were cut off and made prisoners, being unable to follow their comrades across the Danube, Ratisbon having again fallen into the hands of the French.

The Archduke was no sooner across the river, than he already made proposals of peace to Napoleon, who did not deign to answer his letter, but pushed on towards Vienna by the south bank of the river, the Austrian army marching on the same point by the north bank. The French, though they had stubborn actions to fight, especially at Ebersberg, gained the lead on their adversaries, and entered the old and time-honoured imperial capital, before it could be relieved by the archduke's army. This second disaster augmented the gloom occasioned by the first operation of the campaign, and tended greatly to depress the patriotic spirit that was rapidly rising in Germany.

But, for a moment, Fortune seemed here disposed to forsake her spoil and favoured child. The Austrians had destroyed the bridge of Vienna, and the French, having effected the passage of the Danube at Aspern, were attacked by the Archduke on the 20th May, before their whole army had crossed the river. The battle that followed was sanguinary in the extreme,—was the most obstinately contested, indeed, of any that had been fought during the great Revolutionary war. Darkness, on the first day, terminated the carnage, without giving victory to either party; but, on the second, the French were forced to leave the field, and retire into the island of Lobau, the rising of the Danube having carried away the principal bridge which joined that island to the right branch of the stream, and thus prevented the advance of their reserves and reinforcements. On both sides the loss was enormous; the Austrians having lost 17,000, the French nearly 30,000 men.

This brave deed of arms again awakened the hopes which the first disasters of the campaign had clouded. Schill and Dornburg rose in the north of Germany, the Tyrolese carried on a successful war against the French; and from all parts of the Austrian monarchy, recruits were hastening forward to join the victorious army on the Danube. An English expedition was hourly expected to arrive in the north of Germany; and had such a force appeared, it is certain that the whole country would have risen against the oppressors. But during the greatest part of this long and sanguinary war, Britain might, in truth, have been termed the *unready*; for military science and the real nature of military operations were so little understood, no blow capable of producing great results was ever aimed at the enemy till the last years of the contest, and when the cause of European independence seemed almost hopeless, if not lost; as it probably would have been had not the arrogant oppressor of nations been blinded by success and by a vain belief in the infallibility of his power and genius.

For a time all was still by the "dark-rolling Danube." Weakened by the losses sustained in the battles of Aspern, both parties rested to gather strength for renewed efforts. The Austrians embodied Landwhers, and called in their reserves; but the power of a single state, so much reduced by former contests, was unable to make head against the forces of France, Italy, Holland, and the Confederation of the Rhine, which now obeyed the sceptre of Napoleon. From all quarters of his extensive dominions troops were now marching to his aid; and 150,000 men having been assembled by the 1st of July, preparations were made to hurl them against the Austrians, who, to the number of about 100,000 men, stood ready waiting the onset.

As we followed a Prussian Hussar to Moscow, we shall here follow a Saxon cavalry officer to the field of Wagram, adding to his account occasional extracts from other authentic documents now before us.

"After a long march we passed through Kaiser Ebersdorf on the 1st of July in order to cross over into the island of Lobau, but halted and dismounted before we reached the principal bridge. In the village lay Portuguese and Neufchatel troops, the former dressed in brown, the latter in yellow or sulphur coloured uniforms, both assuredly more singular than martial.

"In company with a French officer I obtained permission to ride over into the island and had thus an opportunity of carefully examining the principal bridge, which was built on piles and constructed with great solidity; and being painted and provided with lamps, might, in reality, be termed elegant. Though it was against orders to pass over to the left bank of the river, where General Becker was stationed on advanced post with his division, my companion contrived to overcome the difficulty, so that we reached the very videttes and had an opportunity of casting a glance at the fields which had only a few weeks before been dewed with blood, and were now about to be drenched with it. Close as the hostile parties were to each other, not a single shot was fired during the hour we were on the line; but piquets and supports were all,—the cavalry mounted, the infantry under arms.

"When I rejoined the brigade, I found them preparing to take up cantonments at Laxenburg, an arrangement that was especially agreeable to all of us; for, since the 16th of May, we had hardly been under roof.

"During the 2d and 3d we remained in these good cantonments, which we found doubly agreeable after having been so long accustomed to bivouacks, exposed alternately to drenching rains or to the burning rays of the sun.

"Early on the morning of the 4th we were suddenly ordered to the island of Lobau, and having crossed the bridge about noon, advanced to the small arm of the Danube which still separates the island from the Marchfeld. Our whole corps, as well as many others, was assembled here, and before night we had at least 80,000 men pressed together on this narrow spot. We had hardly taken possession of our narrow bivouack before Napoleon appeared among us; he was perfectly unattended, and having ordered the troops to assemble round him, exactly as they were and without any preparation, and desired the general to act as interpreter, addressed them in the following words, 'To-morrow there will be a battle! I depend upon you, and in four weeks I will lead you back to your own country.' This short harangue, delivered while the Emperor was holding the reins with his right hand and waving his left, was received and followed with the usual cheers of the troops.

"The general, his aides-de-camp, and myself, had appropriated to ourselves a miserable hut that was dug half into the ground, which proved essentially valuable; for towards night the sky became overcast, heavy thunder-clouds gathered immediately above us, announcing a storm that soon broke out with tremendous violence. Peals of thunder joined the roar of artillery which now commenced; for our batteries had opened, and were vigorously replied to by those of the enemy. Thousands of shot striking within the narrow circumference of the island, ploughed the ground and killed and wounded a number of men and horses. Shells and grenades, filling the air with their fiery traces, formed a flaming vault above us as they took their lofty flight through the darkness of night: it was a scene of fearful grandeur and beauty. Our bivouack happened to be so near the bank of the river, that most of the shot passed harmlessly over our heads; nor did the roar of artillery and of the elements long deprive us of our repose, for we soon fell asleep, and only awakened by the full light of day.

"The 5th July saw the whole army across the last arm of the Danube, and drawn up in three lines on the wide and open plain of the Marchfeld, the scene of so many sanguinary battles. Napoleon, as he galloped along the front was saluted by loud cheers of 'Vive l'Empereur!' uttered in as many strange tongues as dialects. In his suite rode an old peasant without hat or coat, whose long grey hair streamed wildly round his aged and time-worn face, and whose appearance presented a singular contrast to the brilliant staff by which the Emperor was surrounded. The old man had probably been seized upon to act as guide, or give information regarding the country, for he was attended by a *gendarme*, who led the reins of his horse."

The invaders moved slowly into the plain. For reasons which he explains in his letter to the Archduke John, but which this is not the place to examine, the Archduke Charles had determined not to advance to the banks of the river and oppose the passage of the French. Parties of light troops only, supported by horse artillery, impeded their progress; but the shot plunging into the midst of the crowded columns, occasioned, as the Saxon officer allows, a heavy loss of men and horses.

The Austrian army was drawn up on gently rising ground, in a line extending from Neusiedel to beyond Aderklaa. A small rivulet called the Rusbach, passable at every point, covered their front; but lent no strength to the position, which was perfectly open to attack, giving the defenders no advantage over the assailants, beyond what they derived from the village of Wagram and two small hamlets which lay in their front line. It was a fair, open, almost level battle-field, on which all the arms of both parties could act with nearly equal advantage.

As soon as it had become evident that the French were resolved to force the passage of the Danube, orders were sent to the Archduke John, who commanded an army at Presburg, to assemble his troops and advance with all speed to the Marchfeld and take the right wing of the French in reverse while engaged in front by the main Austrian army. These orders were received, and though they came in sufficient time, delays, which have never been explained in a satisfactory manner, retarded the march of the prince, who only arrived on the field after the fate of the battle had turned against his brother and his countrymen. With this explanation we turn to our Saxon guide.

"Advancing slowly under this cannonade, we passed Rashdorf, and moved in the direction of Aderklaa, near which the cavalry of our corps halted at the distance of 400 yards from a line of Austrian cuirassiers. Partial actions immediately took place, commanding officers leading their regiments out to engage those of the enemy that advanced against them. Major Lenb, who commanded our regiment, declined to join in these actions, and only advanced to

take up the troops that retired. An order was soon, indeed, received to put an end to such useless proceedings and to send out the skirmishers of the whole line. My squadron gave the officer for our regiment, and Lieutenant Wagner volunteered his services to command them. We were so near to our adversaries that it was easy for us to perceive the excellent condition of their horses, while ours were reduced by hardships, bivouacking, and want of forage, to absolute skeletons, a circumstance not calculated to make us anticipate any brilliant result from a close encounter with them.

"But fortune was to be tried, nevertheless, for Colonel Gerard, first aide-de-camp to the Prince of Ponte Corvo, brought us the order to attack; the charge sounded, and we rode forward. About half-way to the enemy, who awaited the onset, we received the fire of a battalion of infantry, posted in a hollow, and which we had not observed. It did not arrest our progress. Captain Linden, who commanded the right squadron, wheeled to the right, attacked and broke the infantry, and took, not only a number of prisoners, but their colours also. The rest of the line stood on and completely broke and pursued the enemy.

"As so often happens in war, the unaccountable also happened here. A second line of Austrian cavalry, drawn up in rear of those we had defeated, made not the slightest attempt to turn the tables upon us; though certain of success, they made no attempt to charge us, for our people, disordered by their onset, and dispersed in collecting horses and prisoners, could not possibly have been assembled in time to offer effectual resistance: the weakest moment of the cavalry being always that which immediately follows on a successful charge. Fortunately for us, Count Gersdorf brought half a brigade of twelve-pounders to our aid, and their fire made the enemy withdraw, and allowed us to gather in the fruits of our victory without further apprehension. The corps of cavalry was now divided, and our brigade moved to the right so as nearly to have Wagram in our right flank. Here we had the mortification to see our infantry driven with great loss from the village, and were ourselves saluted with a number of shot from the same direction. It was growing dark, and we could not discern objects at the distance of a hundred yards, when we suddenly heard the tramp of horses advancing towards us. As we were exposed at the moment to a fire of howitzers, we concluded that they were enemies and prepared to meet them; but fortunately discovered, before any conflict took place, that they were the very comrades from whom we had so lately parted! How we thus came to meet, front to front, in the dark, no one could well understand.

"The battle now ceased along the whole line, and we, for our part, bivouacked near Aderklaa, but we, unfortunately, left the village, which had been in our possession during the whole of the action, totally unoccupied. The night passed tranquilly and was only interrupted for a moment by an officer of Austrian Hussars, who lost his road and found his way into captivity, instead of finding his way back to his countrymen. A similar misfortune nearly befel our general. He was sent for by the Prince of Ponte Corvo, and in the darkness of the night rode right into the midst of an enemy's picket, and would certainly have shared the fate of the Austrian officer had he not preserved his presence of mind and addressed the sergeant in the Austrian dialect, making use of a few Hungarian words that he happened to know. It is probable that the white cloak of his orderly dragoon also helped to extricate him from his perilous situation. The wearied troops, exhausted by the sanguinary efforts of the day, had established their bivouacks almost on the very ground on which they had fought, and were, consequently, on many points much nearer to each other than they suspected, so that various untoward accidents of this nature happened to persons of both parties; but close as these mighty hosts lay front to front, not the slightest act of hostility took place during the night; the carnage of the day had satisfied the most combative propensity, and even Moloch had been gorged to satiety with blood."

There is some reason for believing that Napoleon, shaken by the repulse sustained in the first day's action at Wagram, and the great loss by which it was accompanied, recollecting also what had happened at Aspern, would not willingly have renewed the action on the following morning, could it have been avoided, for he actually withdrew his troops from their advanced position before daybreak, and concentrated them a little to the rear, a very unusual movement with him, and one that, coupled with the stubborn resistance offered by the Austrians during the campaign, made rather an unfavourable impression on the minds of the soldiers. And yet it is possible that this very movement led to the gain of the battle. The Austrians expected the Archduke John to arrive with his army from Presburg and join their left wing, and it might have been considered good policy to wait for this junction, and not to hasten the decision till the prince could aid in giving it a favourable turn. It is not likely that the Duke of Wellington, if left unassailed at Waterloo, would have attacked the French before Blücher was ready to strike in with him; and the case was exactly similar at Wagram, except that the Archduke John led a small army to the aid of his brother, and the Prussian marshal a large one to the aid of the British.

Judging after the event, therefore, but with the knowledge that time and events have brought to light, and which the adverse commanders could not then have possessed, we certainly think the best policy the Austrians could have pursued was to remain on the defensive till the arrival of the Archduke John, or as long, at least, as the French left them unmolested. But they followed a different plan, and no sooner had the full light of day displayed the retrograde, or concentrative, movement of the French, than encouraged by their previous success, they immediately assumed the offensive. The action commenced about six o'clock by a premature attack on the French right wing, and soon extended along the whole line.

We now return to our Saxon Dragoon, who is speaking only of his own division:—

"We were so fiercely attacked that we were obliged to fall back to Sussenbrunn, where we joined Massena's corps, and again resumed the offensive, though with little success. Till about nine o'clock we had partial cavalry actions, but were principally employed in protecting the infantry, vainly engaged in attempting to recover the village of Aderklaa, which we had so unfortunately abandoned. The infantry suffered severely in these attacks, nor did we fare much better, for the Austrian guns were of heavy calibre, and every shot they fired came, whether it hit or missed the infantry, bounding over our heads, or dashed ruinously through our ranks. The loss sustained by our regiment was so terrible that we were now, to save us from being entirely destroyed, sent to a post of less danger, though of greater importance, perhaps.

"Our destination was the hill, or rising piece of ground rather, that overlooks the whole plain of the Marchfeld, and on which the emperor had established himself; and where, with the exception of two short excursions—the one to Davoust's, the other to Massena's corps—he remained during the whole of the action. As the feeble remnant of our regiment was formed in line, only fifteen yards behind where he had stationed himself, I was for seve-

ral hours enabled to observe the man who then wielded the destinies of Europe in his own grasp.

"He was surrounded by a numerous staff, and attended by ten or twelve orderly officers; who, drawn up in line, stood motionless within reach of his voice. On the right were the Guards in close column, and with ordered arms: their artillery was on their right. As we were nearest the emperor, we looked upon ourselves as his personal guard upon this occasion. He wore, as usual, his grey great-coat over the plain uniform of the chasseurs of his guard, rode a small white Arabian, and held a light riding-whip in his hand. His face, while we could observe him, betrayed none of the emotions he might be supposed to feel at such a time, but seemed perfectly calm and collected. He listened quietly and attentively to the reports brought him, and issued all his directions in a similar manner. If he had an order to send, he called loudly, 'Officer d'ordonnance;' when the orderly officer, who happened to be on the right of the line, instantly came forward as first for duty. Having given his order in a slow and deliberate manner, the emperor added, 'Repetz.' If the officer had not seized the exact meaning of the words, he repeated them over again, adding, as before, 'Repetz;' if satisfied that their import was fully understood, he briefly said, 'Allez,' and the officer instantly started off at the best speed he could command. That under the empire French horsemanship was as indifferent as ungraceful is sufficiently well known to all who recollect the French cavalry of the period.

"By degrees our station ceased to be secure: from the first, and as long as the battle, though raging fiercely along the whole line, had remained stationary, we had received an occasional shot from the batteries near Wagram, which lay exactly in our front. The success of the Austrian right wing, however, brought us shot from the left; and they continued to advance, even from the very rear. Several shot struck among the guard and round the ground on which the emperor was stationed; but he never moved from a post whence he had the whole battle-field spread out like a panorama before him. He was, indeed, as little disturbed by the reports from his marshals as by the shot of the enemy: the news that 'the Austrians had turned the left wing of the army,' that they 'had defeated the corps stationed to protect the bridges,' seemed to make little impression on him; though it greatly disquieted the officers of his staff. Only once I observed a striking change in his manner. He had desired an orderly officer to 'bring up the sixty pieces of light artillery of the guard, and the forty extra pieces attached to the same corps;' and as they did not immediately arrive, he rode impatiently along our front, striking his boot with the riding-whip, and repeatedly taking snuff.

"The advance, in two columns, of this formidable train of artillery, followed as they were by six or seven regiments of cuirassiers, formed an imposing spectacle. When the guns passed before the guard, the soldiers exclaimed, 'There go the flageolets; the music will soon be complete.' The cuirassiers with a loud and general cheer of 'Bravo!' 'There are our brave cuirassiers; the battle will soon be finished.' These horsemen, always held in the highest estimation in the French army, had attained the very pinnacle of fame by their conduct at the battle of Aspern, where their chivalrous devotion alone saved the army, and enabled the defeated troops to effect a retreat into the Isle of Lobau. Though the French do nothing for the preservation of the cavalry, who are absolutely squandered away, so to express it,—always ill supplied, or left without any supplies rather, and constantly exposed to bivouacks,—the case is different with the cuirassiers, who form part of the guard, are extremely well cared for, and mostly placed in good quarters. They are reserved for general actions, in which they always appear in full dress, powdered and polished. Their pride is boundless, therefore; and if a cuirassier can find no other place for his horse, he does not hesitate to take possession of an officer's stable, and to turn out even a general's horse to make room for his own, well knowing that such conduct will be overlooked. We appeared, in comparison to these troops, no better than a band of gipsies mounted upon garrons.

"The artillery and cuirassiers, though many guns were dismounted, moved rapidly towards Aderklaa; and before they could unlimber, the fire of the rest, where they did open, was so tremendous as to mow down whole ranks of the enemy. The cuirassiers, also, following up the havoc made by the iron hail thus poured upon the Austrians, made several successful charges, and enabled the infantry to take the village; but the result was not so satisfactory as was at first expected, for the enemy soon gathered strength, and recovered the lost ground, and struck so hard in return, that several of Massena's regiments were completely broken, and driven in disorder across the plain.

"Still this terrible battery, supported by so large a force of cavalry, though it failed to produce a decisive result, had the effect of checking the farther progress of the Austrians on that point, and on the extreme left also, where their success had been more marked. Except on the extreme right, the battle was now reduced to a cannonade maintained with great fierceness. Along the front the enemy were in possession of all the villages contended for, now reduced to mere masses of burning ruins, encumbered with the blackened and mangled corpses of the slain. Against our left and centre they had gained much ground, and many advantages, and the army was half encircled by a line of hostile fire.

"But the tide was about to turn; and towards two o'clock our right wing was seen to advance. The tower of Neusiedel, on which rested the extreme left of the Austrians, was captured by Davoust, who pressed his success with great resolution. The enemy now began to give way, but in great order, and disputing every foot of ground. The retreat thus commenced gradually communicated itself to the whole army, who withdrew unbroken from the field,—the French only following, but making no attempt to press the retreating enemy. As soon as the retrograde movement of the Austrians became evident, the emperor left the hill, and we rejoined the rest of our corps, and marched to Leopoldau, where we counted our loss, which had been severe indeed. Among the slain was Lieutenant Wagner, whose fate was almost such as again to fix long-exploded superstitious feelings on the mind. While stationed at Laxenburg, the day before we marched into the Isle of Lobau, a party of officers dined with the general; who, observing that we were thirteen at table, said, jestingly, to our colonel, that it was a bad omen for him, as it seemed to indicate that one of the party would be killed in the next day's battle; 'a duty,' he added, 'that must necessarily fall to you, as the senior regimental officer.' 'Not so,' replied the latter; 'to fill graves is evidently a fatiguing duty, and commences with the junior.' 'Then it must fall to my share,' said Lieutenant Wagner, and so, indeed, it proved. He volunteered to command the skirmishers in the first day's action, and fell fighting in the foremost rank!"

## GLIMPSES OF THE GIFTED.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

How apt we all are to view things through the medium of our own peculiar tastes and pursuits! To the artist the idea of Venice would conjure up but



one great recollection, making it holy ground for evermore—it was TITIAN'S burial place! While the architect would set about comparing the chaste and classic style of Palladio with the lighter graces of Sansovino, or the grand conceptions of San Michele, a darker and graver task awaits the would-be historian of "the city of the hundred isles!" While the simple tale-teller has but to bend down a charmed ear to the haunting chronicles of the gifted and the beautiful, long since passed away from earth, and repeat them to other lands as best they may.

It was evening—just the evening for those summer festivals which the Venetians enjoy so much, and who would not! where one can steal apart from the heavy atmosphere of crowded rooms, and wander away into what seems almost a realisation of fairy-land, while the beings who flit across our path, or break in upon our silent musings with their sweet and glad laughter, serve to confirm rather than dissipate the illusion. The palazzo of the Signor Bernardi overlooked the Adriatic, and upon the night of which we write was thronged with all the beauty and aristocracy of Venice, its lofty halls, its cool marble balconies, and spacious grounds, absolutely glittering with gowned robes and bright fair faces, which passed and vanished from the gaze only to be succeeded by others yet more bewitching; until one grew bewildered by so much loveliness, and ready to echo in very truth the disputed assertion of a recent traveller, "that the Venetian women are superb!"

But there was one at that festival at whose approach maidens' hearts fluttered strangely, and happy she who could procure a smile, or even a passing glance, on which to dream, when the living idol should have departed. If he spoke to those around him on the gravest subjects, such as history, or even agriculture (a favourite study of his), they hushed their own sweet tones to listen, it being enough for them that it was *his voice*,—or stood a little apart, gazing as if they would imprint every feature upon their memories for ever, while the neglected cavaliers cursed the pale stranger in their hearts.

It was Bartholomeo Arnigio, the poet, the historian, the present star of Venetian society! There was a mystery about his early origin which had hitherto defied the penetration of the most curious, and was excessively fascinating. Some said he was a prince, every one agreed in allowing him to be a genius, and it was most certain he was far from happy,—all dangerous and irresistible qualifications with his fair worshippers. To be gifted and unhappy! therein lay the spell, which neither rank nor beauty was needed to work out in young, romance-loving, and girlish hearts, although that whisper of royalty was, doubtless, not without its attraction. A poet—the very name is magic! For who does not love a poet, and yearn—often, alas! how vainly!—to be permitted nearer and more familiar glimpses of that mighty spirit which is but a glorious mystery to all others!—forgetting that, on a closer inspection of their idol, they are certain to find many a blemish which may escape the observation of the multitudes who worship afar off,—or, with a dim foreboding of this sad truth, deeming it a blessed privilege to make it the care of her whole future life, that they may be ever shielded thus from the world,—or else, in her deep fondness and trust, changing, as by a fairy wand, the very clouds themselves into sunshine! A strange, wild creed, which many turn back to the recollection of with a smile, as they grow older and wiser; while a few perish in their young faith.

The men wondered what any one could see in Bartholomeo Arnigio, who was no longer young, and had, perhaps, never been remarkable for beauty, save of that intellectual sort with which genius redeems and marks out her children. His forehead was broad and massive, but shadowed by dark lines of thought, or it may be, sorrow; his eyes grey, and somewhat sunken, with a wild, restless expression; and his face fearfully pale. Even his most enthusiastic admirers could trace nothing of majesty in the tall, stooping figure, and nervous deportment of their poet; although its attenuation, together with the somewhat feeble step, took a still deeper hold on their sympathies. They could not have been blind to the fact how, among that courtly and brilliant crowd, he stood alone, as it were, and conspicuous, certainly, neither for grace or elegance, but therefore it was they clung the more tenaciously to the idol of their own creating, because he needed it the more, which, after all, is but woman's nature.

The poet, far from triumphing in the sensation he created, seemed rather to shrink from it, with a strange mingling of pride and reserve, and, it was evident, infinitely preferred entering into a long discussion, upon his favourite themes, with the many grave and learned personages present, to sunning himself in the bright glances which every where met with a sort of bashful encouragement; and weary, at length, even of this gorgeous scene, quitted the crowded saloon, and escaped into the grounds surrounding the palazzo.

But for man's own evil passions, what a paradise this world of ours, with its blue skies, and birds, and flowers, would be! Arnigio, with his lofty brow bent down, and his eyes fixed dreamily on the earth, walked on, utterly unconscious of the calm beauty of the night, or the lapse of time, until he discovered, at length, that he had unknowingly passed the boundaries prescribed to visitors, and entered the more private part of the grounds, and was about to retrace his steps, when they were arrested by a vision of such rare loveliness, that the poet paused involuntarily, and remained, as it were, spell-bound to the spot, while the girl passed on without perceiving him. She was apparently scarcely more than sixteen, and simply attired in a white robe, girded about the waist by a zone of silver; her bright hair, unconfined, and wholly without ornament, hanging about her like a veil. One might almost have taken her for a spirit, so little of earth was there in the radiant beauty of that fair young face—in the passionate dreaming of those dark, starry eyes. And yet, after all, she was but a mortal maiden, with a heart full to overflowing of innocent joy, and hope, and trust, and a deep love of the romantic—the fault of education, and the folly of her age, for she was but a child.

She paused before an overshadowing tree, and, smiling as she did so, produced a small, sharp knife, while Arnigio likewise stood still, wondering what she would do next, and then the girl, stooping down, carved a name upon its bark. The name was Bartholomeo, a very common one in Italy, and yet the poet's heart beat strangely, and he waited impatiently for that small, white hand to resume its loving task. But the maiden had shaken back the bright curls from her forehead, and was looking a little thoughtful; perhaps, like him, she remembered that there were many Bartholomeos in the world, and half feared to disclose more of her hoarded secret to the prying and inquisitive eyes of others. And yet, she argued, there was no need to be ashamed of loving him! And then she bent down again before the tree. There is a strange pleasure in tracing a beloved name, however the cold-hearted may laugh at us for the assertion. The poet bent eagerly forward, his breath almost waving the curls of her long hair,—it was his which she had carved.

For a moment Arnigio stood irresolute whether or not he should advance, and make himself known to his young worshipper; but it was not the irresolution of passion, but pity, mingled slightly with some gentler feeling. He sor-

rowed, rather than exulted, over what he had seen, and yet wanted resolution to break through a spell that was strangely fascinating. And the girl, meanwhile, twining her white arms playfully around the trunk of that aged tree, rested her head against it, and sat, smiling to herself, in all the luxury of her own glad thoughts.

"Poor child!" murmured the poet,—others must have put this strange folly and infatuation into thy young heart. And, as you become older and wiser, it will pass away of itself. There is no need for words of mine to awaken thee from thy wild dream. So beautiful! Thou wilt have a thousand lovers, and the real ultimately sweep away all memory of the ideal."

He turned aside as he spoke, and walked slowly on, without once looking back upon the maiden, who, unaware of the presence of her idol, save in memory (and the silly girl had seen him but once, and that by stealth, herself invisible,) remained sitting where he left her until twilight.

Amid all his numerous admirers (and Arnigio had many among the highest nobility of Venice,) there was but one whom he had felt a wish to make his friend; and the young Count Lorenzini, either flattered by his notice, or discovering in a more familiar intercourse qualities of mind and heart of which the world knew nothing, most warmly reciprocated the sentiment. Bartholomeo was many years older than his companion, but the heart of the true poet is always young, and he could sympathise and enter into the feelings of Lorenzini with a freshness and unity of sentiment which bound them still closer to each other. But there was one subject upon which he never spoke even to this dear friend,—the history of the past,—that mysterious past which had flung its shadow over the future for evermore!

Arnigio's favourite enjoyment was gliding over the water in those gondolas so peculiar to Venice, and which Leitch Ritchie has not inaptly compared to "a coffin borne along upon a cloud, silent, fleeting, dim as a shadow," and where one, according to Shelley,—

"May write:  
Or read in gondolas by day or night,  
Having the little brazier lamp alight."

How delightful! more especially to a poet, when no sound is heard but the low classical song of our boatmen, or the sudden burst of music, or girlish laughter, as a rival barque shoots by us and is lost again in the distance; and yet, thoroughly to enjoy these calm, holy nights, our thoughts should be sweet companions, or it would be well to seek for others. Therefore it was, perhaps, that Arnigio so often called at the palazzo of his young friend, who, with his guitar and cheerful conversation, beguiled the time pleasantly enough; while on these occasions many a solitary gondola might have been seen following silently in their wake, lured onwards by the rich, manly voice of Lorenzini, as he sung the wild songs of his native land. On the evening, however, to which we would refer, he was strangely grave and melancholy, and Arnigio shook off the gloom from his own spirit in order to enliven that of his friend.

"Come," said he, laying his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the young nobleman, "it seems almost a sin to be sad upon such a night as this."

"I know it is foolish," replied his companion; "I thought to have shaken off all memory of her in scorn, but her rare beauty, her tears, and supplications, have unarm'd me!"

"Ah! some love-affair," said the poet, gaily. "It is well it is no worse; this is a grief which will soon pass away." But he spoke not from his heart when he uttered this, and that Lorenzini knew full well.

"You remember my telling you," continued the count, "how for years I have been betrothed to my young cousin, the heiress of Bernardi! and that it was this engagement which kept me free and heart-whole among the fair dames of Venice? Well, it seemed so much a thing of course that I knew not how deeply it involved my future happiness until these fairy dreams melted away like a vision, and had so used myself to thinking of Vittoria as a child that I was scarcely aware how fervently I loved her as a woman."

"We are apt in our security to deceive ourselves thus," said Arnigio; "but how can you be sure that the girl is indifferent to your affection? Living secluded, as you tell me that she has, it is impossible she can love any one else; nay, I should have almost said the same had it been otherwise."

"Nevertheless," replied the count, with a bitter smile, "it was from her own lips that I heard it. Last night, on my return home, I was informed by the domestic that a female, closely veiled, and accompanied by her attendant, awaited my arrival; and you may guess the surprise with which I recognised my beautiful little cousin, her bright eyes absolutely glittering with excitement and her cheeks flushed and burning. She received me with a dignity which at any other time would have provoked my mirth, and dismissing her nurse, informed me with downcast looks that she had come to solicit a very great favour."

"Whatever it may be, Vittoria," said I, "I promise you to grant it."

"Then in pity write to my father at once, yielding up all claim to this worthless hand, since I have discovered that my heart cannot accompany it."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, "do you then love another?"

"For a moment the girl buried her sweet face in her hands, and then answered gently, but decidedly, in the affirmative. Arnigio, I am ashamed of the emotion into which I was betrayed, but Vittoria spoke kindly and soothingly."

"Lorenzini," said she, "I know how to pity you, for I, too, love in vain, and without even daring to hope for a return of my wild and unsought devotion."

"Impossible!" interrupted I, "unless the man is stone blind!"

"We have never met," replied the girl, simply, "which is much the same thing; I have seen him but once, and then he never even looked my way."

"Nay," said I, attempting to take her hand, "you are but jesting with me, my sweet cousin! What! love a man whom, according to your own account, you have scarcely seen and never exchanged a word with?"

"Yes, I know it is very foolish," replied the girl, casting down her eyes, "but I cannot help it, and dare not urge these objections to my father. My only hope is in your kindness."

"And do you expect that I shall yield you up thus without a word?"

"Yes, if you indeed love me as you say, for what sacrifice is there we would not cheerfully make for the beloved one? For myself, I feel as though, in such a cause, I could at once give up rank, and wealth, and country, almost without a struggle!"

"At least," said I, averting my gaze from this too beautiful enthusiast, "at least I would know the name of this powerful rival in your affections!"

"In my fancy, rather," interrupted the girl, "for I do not think I ever really loved until now. You should remember I was but a child, cousin."

"Why, you are but a child still, and a very silly one!" said I, passing my arm around her slender waist, while she struggled with a wayward pettishness to disengage herself from my grasp. "But I promise, that if you remain

in the same mind for a whole month from this time, to free you at once from every tie, and at my own risk."

"Now that is kind," said Vittoria, clapping her hands joyfully, while I gazed into her bright face like one in a dream. "But a month seems a long time to wait."

"But shall you be any happier at its termination?"

"Perhaps not. At any rate, however, I shall be at liberty to indulge in thoughts which seem almost a sin while engaged to another; and so, with mingled smiles, and tears, and blessings, she glided away as she came, leaving me more bewildered than grieved, and wholly at a loss what course to pursue. But I weary you, Arnigio!"

"No, indeed, your relation interests me strongly. And so you can form no guess as to this invisible rival?" added the poet, in an altered voice, while a sudden thought flashed like lightning across his brain.

"Not the most remote. But, hark! surely that was her voice!"

At this moment a gondola was seen approaching them, distinctly visible in the bright moonlight, and conspicuous for its rich armorial bearings. On the deck lay a female form, the veil flung back, and the dark starry eyes wandering dreamily around; while she sang to herself in a sweet low voice one of Arnigio's own *rhymes*, tastefully adapted to a popular air. The poet involuntarily bent forward to gaze upon her, and, their glances suddenly meeting, a joyful exclamation burst from the lips of the girl; while in another moment the gondolas shot past each other and were lost amid a thousand more, which danced on the calm waters like so many fire-flies.

"Was that your Vittoria?" asked Arnigio, in a hollow voice.

"Yes, and I think by her smile she must have recognised me. Is she not beautiful?"

"Exquisitely so!" replied the poet with a sigh; and then both relapsed into a deep silence, which was unbroken until the gondola paused suddenly at the foot of the marble stairs leading to the Count's palazzo.

"Good night," said he, extending his hand; "I fear you have found me but a dull companion, but I promise that this shall be the last time I will play the rejected lover."

"You shall not need," said Arnigio, "if I can prophesy aright, or have any skill in deciphering that most difficult of all volumes—a woman's heart. So good night to you, Lorenzini, and hope every thing."

About the same hour at which the friends parted, Vittoria likewise returned to her home, and, dismissing her attendants, permitted herself to indulge in one of those delicious reveries which are apt to steal over us when memory or association brings back, as with a spell, thoughts as wild and vain as they are beautiful. They had met again, and he, or it was but her own fancy, had given a start of recognition as their eyes encountered each other, leaning half out of his gondola to gaze in the receding wake of hers, which shewed that the maiden too had looked back, or she could not have known this. Happily for her, her attention had been so concentrated that she was unaware of the presence of Lorenzini, and so saved the useless wonderment and fear it would otherwise have created. It is needless to tell how her slumbers that night were haunted by the vision of one pale, melancholy face, and bowed form, which the casual observer would have thought the most unlikely of all others to win the regards of one so young and beautiful as Vittoria Bernardi.

The following morning she found a note awaiting her, traced in a strange hand, and requesting her to meet the writer that evening on the Rialto, as he wished to see and speak to her for a few moments in private, before he finally quitted Venice. It was merely signed "Bartholomeo;" but the throbbing heart of the conscious girl too faithfully supplied the other name; and, as the poet had calculated upon, love soon got the ascendancy over duty and prudence; and, accompanied by her attendant, he found her punctual to the appointed hour. And the woman being dismissed to a short distance, he had to supply her place in supporting the trembling form of his young companion, who leant heavily on his arm,—her quick breathing alone breaking the deep silence of the place and hour.

"Do not unmask," whispered the poet, at length, in a voice that was slightly agitated; "you may be recognised."

Poor Bartholomeo! he feared, perhaps, to trust himself with the sight of that beautiful face!

"You will think it strange," continued he, after a pause, "that I should have written to you thus; but I have seen you before, and felt an irresistible longing to impart my wild history to one human being ere I depart hence for ever! thinking, somehow, that you would at least pity me!"

Vittoria answered not, for she dared not tell him how willingly, had need been, she would have died, how much more so she would live for him alone! but was thankful, nevertheless, that the secret of her young heart was yet her own.

"I was born," began the poet, "at Brescia;" and Vittoria was awakened from dreaming of all that she had ever heard concerning this "City of the Fountains!" as it has been beautifully called, by the words which followed. "My father was a blacksmith!" and Arnigio felt her suddenly start; but the arm which rested on his was not removed, and for a moment he wanted courage to continue. After all, he had not sought the love of that noble girl, and was it his fault if she preferred him to Lorenzini? If she was ready, as he had said, "for his sake to give up rank, and home, and country?" But this was a sophistry unworthy the high nature of the poet, and he determined to consult only the future happiness of the young cousins.

"Go on," said Vittoria gently, observing that he paused.

"Pardon me, but my thoughts are apt to wander. As I have said, my father was a blacksmith."

Here was another start; the girl, with all her romance, could not forget her own patrician descent.

"At eighteen," continued Arnigio, "having a taste for literature, I abandoned this humble calling, and was fortunate enough to procure, by unremitting study, a doctor's degree conferred by the University of Padua, and returned to practise in my native place. Lady, this was the happiest period of my life; for besides standing high in my profession, I loved, and was beloved by, one of the fairest and gentlest beings who ever walked this weary world of ours!"

At this juncture in the story the maiden suddenly found strength enough to do without the hitherto respectfully proffered support of her companion, and stood proudly erect, while her heart throbbed as though it would burst.

"Ah! she was beautiful, you say?" asked Vittoria, eagerly.

"She was, indeed, and I have never seen but one more so!"

The girl put no more questions, and Arnigio, sorry for what he had said, hastened to make atonement for the involuntary error into which his passions had betrayed him.

"I might have been there now," continued he, "and she yet alive, but for my own daring and presumptuous ambition!"

"You were but fulfilling your high destiny," observed Vittoria, gently: "had you remained a doctor, Venice would have had one poet less."

"Hush!" interrupted her companion, almost harshly; "wait until you have heard all! At the time of which I speak a fever broke out at Brescia, rather debilitating than fatal in its effects, but sparing neither old or young. I had previously turned my attention very much to this subject, and imaged out a bold experiment which could not fail of success. Lady, that this dream—for such it now seems—was reality to me then; that I believed in its efficacy as I did in Heaven, and my own salvation! that I had not the shadow of a thought it could work evil, even if it did not quite come up to my expectations of the good it was to effect, I need not tell you, when I add that she, the idol of my heart, with two young brothers, partook of it, and died!—I had murdered them!"

Vittoria uttered a wild scream, and buried her face in her robe.

"For months," continued the poet, "I was raving mad! and the first impulse of returning consciousness was to curse those who, by hurrying me away from Brescia, had preserved a worthless and henceforth miserable life! Since then I have become what the world calls great; I have risen to fame and honour. The fugitive doctor has been the guest of princes; the hand of the murderer been sought in friendship by the potentates of the land; while his heart lies buried in the tomb of her he loved and destroyed! But remorse and disease have well-nigh done their work, and I return to-morrow to die like her at Brescia!"

"The saints have pity on you!" exclaimed Vittoria, with a shudder; "for I see not how earthly aid can avail you any thing."

"Thanks for the prayer, and now farewell! You alone know the secret of my coming and going; and, having obeyed the impulse which prompted me to disclose it, I shall quit Venice with a lighter heart."

"Farewell!" murmured the girl; and as he raised her hand, and pressed it lightly to his lips, a thrill of horror rather than passion fell coldly on her heart. The poet's high mission was accomplished, and the buried secret of years had found a voice at last!

Great was the excitement throughout all Venice when it became generally known that their idol had departed, most probably for ever! Vittoria alone expressed no astonishment, but only grew pale, and shuddered when his name was casually mentioned in her presence. While Lorenzini mourned the absence of his friend with unfeigned regret; and, not venturing to seek for consolation in the society of his cousin, might have been seen wandering over the city like a restless spirit, longing, yet dreading, for the term of his probation to arrive. And so the month passed away, at the conclusion of which Vittoria had agreed to come, as before, and claim his promise; it had, indeed, been part of the conditions on which he was to grant it. But she sent her attendant instead, with a message that she was not well; and a few choice flowers, which it is needless to say were religiously preserved by Lorenzini; and after that he heard no more of her. But as the time drew near when they were to meet and affix their signatures to the deed of betrothment, the girl having attained her seventeenth year, he began to wonder whether her stern father could have discovered her secret, and so detained her a prisoner against her will; in which case he determined to shew his love by obeying her commands even at the last moment, and at the sacrifice of his own happiness.

The night arrived at length; and Vittoria, simply attired, and looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever, stood leaning upon her father's arm; and at Lorenzini's approach blushed deeply, and cast down her bright eyes. At the command of the Signor Bernardi, she walked towards the table with a trembling step, and affixed her name to the parchment.

"Courage, dear cousin!" whispered the noble youth, "I will save you yet; I will not sign!"

"I have deserved this," said the girl, sadly; "and yet, somehow, I had thought you had loved me too well to yield me up thus."

"Vittoria, I am but obeying your own commands," exclaimed the bewildered lover.

"Ah! but that was a month ago!" replied the maiden, with a bashful smile. Lorenzini snatched first the pen, and then the fair hand of his plighted bride, which he covered with his kisses. And henceforth there was not a happier couple in all Venice than these young cousins. Something of shame at her strange infatuation, mingled with gratitude for her escape and his unchanging love, giving a dash of submissiveness to the hitherto brilliant and wayward heiress which was irresistibly bewitching.

But little more is known of Bartholomeo Arginio save that he died a few years after the events above mentioned, at his native place. His principal work is *Le Rime*, printed at Venice; while many others, both agricultural, medical, and historical, serve to assert his just claim to that high rank which has been assigned him in the literature of his age and country: a few of his biographers only reverting to that one dark passage in the otherwise brilliant career of the poet which we have imperfectly attempted to shadow out in our Legend of Venice.

## MESMERISM.

BY IRYS HERFNER.—(Third Article.)

In the lower grades of animal life, the organic force does not yet definitely develop itself as nervous force: the nervous system lies, as yet but potentially existent, in the indifferent corporeal mass. Nevertheless, sensation is already present, even in these imperfect organisms, though obscure and indistinct, before the nervous structure has evolved itself out of the slimy substance of which these lowest animals consist.

Where a nervous system exists, it is (at least in a healthy state) the sole vehicle of sensation, and the sole operator of animal motions. But the nervous energy is capable of extending its operation beyond its material organ. Instead of terminating its action at the extremity of the nerves, the point at which sensation arises, it oversteps this limit, and exercises an immediate influence upon objects more or less remote. This seems to be the most natural explanation of all the phenomena of animal magnetism.

The decided resemblance which the nervous force, in its ordinary way of acting, presents to the imponderable agents, makes it the more conceivable that the former, like the latter, may also be capable of propagating its action through a certain interval of space, the interjacent media, such as the air, here serving as conductors. The facts adduced above, of the working of the mother upon the embryo, and of the incubating bird upon the egg, here find their explanation; as does also the undeniable influence, which the eye, the touch, the very proximity of some men has upon others, especially upon such as are of a susceptible nature.



The temporary insensibility of the nerves in cataleptic and ecstatic states, the extensive loss of substance which the brain may suffer with little or no disturbance of the mental functions, and the specifically different sensibility of the different nerves of sense, (the nervous substance presenting no difference), render it probable that subtle organic fluid, as substratum of the nervous force, permeates the palpable substance of the nerves, and is capable of retiring from, as well as of passing forward beyond their extremities. For this hypothesis of a nervous fluid, distinct from the palpable nervous substance, speaks also the capability of particular nerves to take up vicariously the functions of others.

The nervous force, acting beyond the sensible limits of the organism, is, the cause of the phenomena termed, not very happily, Mesmeric. The organs by which chiefly such an extraorganic direction and activity are impressed on the force, are the hand and the eye.

"The most usual way of magnetizing," says Ennemoser, "and, as many erroneously believe, the only way, is by the hand. The hands are the proper organs of the will, through which volition becomes act; as the body in general is the visibility of the soul, the manifested psychic substance, so the hands are, especially in their movements, the physiognomic indices or features of the will in its constitution and manner of working. But in like manner as the hands execute what the spirit within determines, so are they also the most natural conductors of the direction and fixation of physical energies."

"The hand," says Passavant, "is the organ in which the sense of feeling becomes sense of touch, and thus emerges into freedom, in the power of seeking and examining its object. Through the erect posture of man the hand is an emancipated organ, which instead of serving to the support or the progressive motion of the body, becomes a comprehensive organ of the spirit. From the continual activity of the sense of touch, a greater consumption of nervous force goes on at the hand, particularly at the extremities of the fingers, and in consequence, probably, an increased efflux of the nervous ether; this process may be heightened in intensity through the influence of the will. In all ages a healing virtue has been attributed to the touch, to the imposition of the hand on suffering parts of the body; and from the earliest epochs of man's history has this organ been lifted up to bless and to curse. A custom in which all nations and all times have shown so singular an agreement, can have no mere arbitrary or conventional ground; it must find its import in the nature of the organ itself; and this is contained in the circumstance, that the hand is, in man, the freest member of the body, and that, as organ of the sense of touch, it is ordained to be the dispenser of the effluent nervous ether."

Passavant's directions for the magnetic manipulation are exceedingly simple. The hand is to rest either on the parts affected (where the disease under cure is local), or on those places where the most important nervous structures are situated—namely, in particular, upon the head, and upon the region of the stomach, the former the centre of the cerebral, the latter of the ganglionic nervous system. Passes made with the points of the fingers or the palm of the hand, whether with or without contact, must (as a rule,) in order to work beneficially, be carried from above downwards, from the brain towards the extremities. According to Ennemoser, the greater the quietness and uniformity with which the process of manipulation is carried on—the less there is of bustle, gesticulation, and ceremony—the more advantageous will it be to the patient, whose imagination should be as little as possible appealed to, his composure as little as possible disturbed, by what may strike him as oddity in the procedure he is subjected to. It were best if the manipulation wholly escaped the notice of the patient, so that the magnetic effects should steal upon him unawares, without his having been previously agitated by the expectation—perhaps the fear—of a mysterious power, strange to his experience, and the anticipated approach of which must involve, one should think, feelings of a somewhat uneasy curiosity.

Next to the hand, the eye is the organ through which, principally, man exercises an immediate psychic influence both on men and beasts. From of old has the power of working magically, that is, of carrying the impulses of the will without the limits of the organism, been attributed to the eye. The fixed gaze of a malignant soul, which, as St. Thomas says, is often to be met with in old women (*ut in vetula sæpe contingit*), was supposed to work with deadly effect upon unresisting subjects, particularly upon children, and even to exert a baleful influence on the atmosphere. Rousseau assures us that he killed four toads in Egypt by what Mr. Tappetit would call "eyeing them over." However, on making the experiment on a toad at Lyons, the reptile, being no boghearted Egyptian toad, but an enlightened French one, and on a level with the intelligence of the age, not only did not die, but returned his look with such malign effect, that he swooned on the spot. The eye, as Passavant remarks, has this in common with the hand, that it not only receives but gives—not only is itself the subject of sensation, but causes sensation in others. While the senses of taste, smell, and hearing are only receptive, the hand and the eye are at the same time acting, magically working organs.

"The eye," he proceeds, "is the telescope through which the soul discerns, the mirror in which she is discerned, and the telegraph whereby she announces the hiddenest feelings. No passion so base, no dignity of soul so high, but it speaks out and reveals itself in this transparent organ."

Jean Paul says in a letter, to a friend—

"Twice, in a large company, I nearly put Frau von K. to sleep, through mere fixed gazing on her with that intention, whereof nobody knew; her heart palpitated and she turned pale, to that degree that S. had to doctor her."

Continued and repeated magnetizing produces frequently, though not always, sleep. This is, according to Ennemoser, one of its most salutary properties.

"Sleep," he remarks, "is the first of medicines in all such diseases as consist in, or are accompanied by an inordinate degree of excitement and over-activity of the system, and in which the inward harmony of the different organic workings is disturbed. When once we are fortunate enough, in nervous affections, in fevers, in pains of whatever kind, in mental diseases, in madness, &c., by any means to procure sleep, crisis of amendment begin to present themselves; but in no case so strikingly and so surely as in consequence of the sleep produced by magnetism."

The great advantage of this kind of artificial sleep, besides its extreme profoundness, involving insensibility as of death, is that it avoids the use of those narcotic substances which, whatever immediate relief their employment may bring, are, through their deleterious action on the brain, fatal to the subsequent healthy working of the functions both of mind and body.

The question here arises—How does magnetism produce sleep? How can the working of the nervous principle of one man upon that of another, cause, in the latter, such a withdrawing from the external world, and such a concentration within himself?

In the successive development of the Mesmeric stages, as given by Kluge and others, the sensorial power is seen passing from the positive pole, (where it is in the state of ordinary waking,) through the centre of indifference, (magnetic sleep,) to the negative pole, which thus becomes positive (in clairvoyance), while the ordinary positive pole becomes negative. The sense, open to outward things, gradually closes to them, and, after an interval of total abeyance, opens again as gradually in the opposite direction, to the apprehension of an inward region.

The susceptibility to Mesmeric impressions, according to Ennemoser, is in the inverse proportion of the general organic force, and, more particularly, of the nervous power, of the patient. "For, as the individual nerves of the system acquire their polarity from the brain as its central point,—the more powerful the tension they receive from within, the more energetically will they, necessarily, work outwards. If the tension be weak, as in sickness is oftentimes the case, then will each several part of the system exhibit but a weak polarity, and the whole will be, in relation to a vigorous organism, acting upon it, just what the weak magnet is to the powerful one: in other words, its polarity will, in coming in contact with the other, become inverted, and it will be attracted by the organism, of the solicitations of which it is the object. This attraction often becomes sensible to the eye, and the cause of it seems to be that the cerebral nerves of the person attracted do not receive their polarity from within, but from without, namely, from the organism of the magnetizer, hereby becoming, as it were, parts of the latter, incorporated with him and dependent upon him. Thus, the two persons standing in this relation of sympathy towards one another become in a measure fused and blended together into one individuality; and so the phenomena of *rapport*, between the patient and the physician, those mysterious transferences of sensation and of sentiment, find their explanation in known laws of physiology."

In cataleptic states, particular parts, as the hands and feet, may be brought into any position, at will, by the hand of the magnetizer, which they follow as the iron does the load-stone; and Ennemoser relates, not only that the hand of a patient followed all the movements of his finger, without contact, but that, when contact took place, the two surfaces (of the operator's finger and the patient's hand) adhered with such force that demagnetizing passes were necessary to separate them. But effects still more striking attended the experiments of Dr. Nick, who, merely holding the points of his two thumbs towards those of his patient, as the latter lay in magnetic sleep on the floor, lifted her up, and placed her standing, unsupported except by his neuro-magnetic attraction.

But it is not only by their magnetizers that patients under the influence of this singular agency are attracted. Ennemoser saw the hand of a magnetically-sleeping female drawn to an iron nail, from which it required a greater degree of violence than he judged it expedient to employ to bring it (the hand) away again. Again, some persons under magnetic influence are attracted by liquid surfaces, though the very reverse was the case with Kerner's patient, world-renowned Seherin von Prevorst, for whom water had such a repugnance that it was impossible to get her into a bath, with her own and her attendants' greatest efforts. This reminds us of one of the commonest witch-ordeals of the middle ages. Little doubt can be entertained that the greater part, if not the whole of the bewildering effects which that era set down to the account of necromantic or demoniac agencies, had their true ground in the zoo-magnetic principle. That the unfortunate beings accused of witchcraft, in many cases believed themselves guilty, does not militate against this solution of the riddle. Nothing is more common than for a Mesmeric clairvoyante of the present day to describe herself, with perfect good faith, as being in communication with angels, and with the souls of departed men, good and evil. Spirits of health and goblins damned enact, before the inward eye of the entranced sleep-waker, the wonderfulest dramas, by no means classical, but of the Shakespearean romantic stamp, such as no Greek or Frenchman could abide to behold—for your Greek and your Frenchman, look you, shall desire to see a world as it ought to be, as a cook and a dancing-master, a tailor and a philosopher would have made it, had circumstances allowed—and not in any wise a world as it is, as one made it, who also made the things which have made themselves cooks and tailors, dancing-masters and philosophers—but this is a digression.

Whether the purely spiritual element, the will exercised in faith, or the mechanico-material element, a system of passes and manipulations, and the therewith connected agency of a fluid, differing from any drug in the chemist's laboratory only in the degree of its subtlety, be the true cause of the Mesmeric phenomena, is a controversy which has been carried on to this day, with great heat, and with very little insight. The advocates of the spiritual and those of the material theory are, probably, both of them right in their affirmative, and wrong in their negative—both of them in error only inasmuch as they are exclusive, in so far as each does not recognise, in the system of the other, the complement of his own. Each is right in holding himself to be right; each is wrong in holding his opposite to be wrong. The truth includes both doctrines; not as being eclectically made up of whatever is best and truest in what both sides respectively hold—for the being of truth is as far as possible from the constitution of a mental pie-nic—but as being that original unity, of which two conflicting parties do each behold one of two inseparable aspects. Of how few controversies, religious, political, or philosophical, is this not the *rationalis*. Every where it is the shield, with its side of silver, and its side of gold—and so few have thought and patience to ride round and see both sides. Of most disputes about principles, the true word of reconciliation, and resolution of discord, were the enunciation of the law of polarity.

We may briefly say, an action without the organism is as dependent upon the will as an action within the organism; but as the will, acting within the organism, indispensably needs the ministry of the nervous principle, so neither, in extending its action beyond the limits of the organism, can it dispense with this ministry. What it cannot do within the organism, if the nervous communication be interrupted (if the nerve of motion going to a particular organ be cut,) that it cannot do in a foreign organism, having no communication therewith. The body does nothing without the soul; the soul nothing without the body; for the body and the soul are one, a living and working whole—and either without the other is, practically, a nullity.

Mr. Braid's experiments, interesting and instructive as they are, do not afford a basis of sufficient width for the theory which he builds upon them, neither does this theory by any means explain all the phenomena of Mesmerism. The whole subject of what is called *rapport*, namely, as well as that of the lower sleep-waking, to say nothing of clairvoyance, lies, so to speak, out of its beat. So do all magnetic effects, produced without the previous knowledge of the patient, such as Jean Paul's, one is pained to say, quite indefensible proceeding towards the Frau von K., such as Mr. Townsend's not much more commendable operation in regard of a fellow-passenger by the mail-coach, and a host of other cases. Mr. Braid, while holding his lancet-case for his patient

to stare at, is magnetizing the latter by his volition, without suspecting it; and there is reason to believe that he would, by magnetizing with his eye or hand, produce effects which would surprise himself. There is, however, such a thing as self-magnetizing without help of another, which no doubt here also plays its part. Jacob Böhme fell at once into ecstasy and lucid vision of the highest degree, by an accidental look into a bright tin platter. Light, direct or reflected, is a powerful magnetizer. If Mr. Braid made his patients stare at the moon, instead of his lancet-case, the effects would probably be curious. Light has a peculiar affinity to the nervous fluid, perhaps the nearest in nature. For the rest, this mode of casting into the magnetic or nervous sleep, while it spares the physician, throws too much exertion upon the patient, and seems less to avoid the deleterious effects of narcotic medicines than any of the more common Mesmeric processes.

In conclusion, a word of warning:

"Let no one," says Dr. Ennemoser, "magnetize merely for experiment, or in order to gratify one's own or another's curiosity. Such experiments lead to nothing profitable, and may have embarrassing consequences."

By a single magnetizing a latent germ of disease is sometimes awakened, and a rapid development of the evil follows, which he who has called it forth may not be able to control. It is impossible to read without indignation the directions given to amateur magnetizers by a Mr. Gardiner, of Roche Court, as quoted by Mr. Lang in his valuable little work, (of which the intrinsic worth is indeed in the inverse ratio of its bulk):—

"Advance to your subject as an experimentalist. Say nothing to any body; select for your trials a person of a sedate character, and not too young. Shut yourself and the patient into a quiet room with no spectators."

Then follow directions as to the process to be used, whereby, we are told:—

"It is more than probable that, ere the lapse of many minutes, you will feel and see the establishment of your power. Should no effect ensue in half an hour, I would advise you to desist, and try another patient. If effects be produced within that time, go on until you see that they do not increase, and then demagnetize, &c. and try the same patient again the succeeding day, and go on till you produce all the higher phenomena."

This is deserving of the strongest reprobation: such tentative magnetizing is a sporting with bodily and mental health which cannot too severely be censured, and which would least be tolerated in countries in which the effects of the formidable agency thus rashly summoned into exercise are best known. In this first half hour's operations, just the most important, though least immediately perceptible, effects may be produced. The dilettanti may find that he has put machinery in motion which it exceeds all his powers and his skill either to direct rightly, or to stop. It is easy to say, "demagnetize by transverse passes," and blowing on the face and head upwards from the neck, or other means; but cases are daily occurring which show that the laic in these things may find it a far more difficult task to bring the luckless subject of his foolish experiment out of, than into, a very alarming state of coma. An American writer on Mesmerism, the Reverend Le Roy Sunderland, on this point says very wisely:—

"But it often happens that persons succeed in putting others to sleep, and find it impossible to waken them again. What shall be done in such cases? Answer—learn to be more careful how you meddle with an agency of which you know so little. We have known serious results to follow the operations of persons when the motive has been mere curiosity."

If the first half hour's efforts produce no (apparent) effect, the "experimentalist is advised to 'desist, and try another patient,' dismissing the first as impracticable, or, as Mr. Gardiner expresses it, 'tough.' But no magnetic procedure abides wholly without consequences, though these may escape the cognizance of an unpractised eye. A 'tough' cord may not betray, to hasty observation, the effects of the tension it has undergone, though this has brought it to the very point of snapping."

The only legitimate way of studying Mesmerism is as pupil of some intelligent practitioner, just as any other branch of medical science is to be studied. Let the student accompany the magnetizing physician in his professional visits; let him see the procedure of his teacher, and when the latter judges it fit, operate under his superintendence. Not by blind experimenting and feeling of his own way, but by witnessing the practice of one who already knows what he is about, let him learn to recognise the symptoms of Mesmeric affection, so that when they afterwards present themselves under his own hands, he may not be taken by surprise, nor see himself suddenly placed in a labyrinth to which he has no clue. With all the variability and inconstancy alleged as characterizing these symptoms, there is yet on the whole such a degree of general uniformity as to enable the experienced Mesmerist to discern the bearings of the case, to find his latitude, and judge what he has done, and whether he is in the way to do good or not.

But never should Mesmerism be applied otherwise than remedially, and with the defined and exclusive intention of curing a present disease. To this object should the operator go by the straightest course, and have done with his case as soon as possible. There should be no secondary or collateral views—of making experiments, of satisfying one's own or other people's curiosity, of parading marvels, of making converts. As in general medical science, so here, that practitioner will institute the most instructive experiments who thinks not of experiments at all; and the discoveries most conducive to the further progress of knowledge will spontaneously evolve themselves from the procedure of him who with most singleness of intention applies to the benefit of his patient the knowledge already attained.

#### DEATH OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Charles John, the aged King of Sweden, has sunk under his infirmities; having died, at Stockholm, on the 8th instant. He is succeeded by his son, Oscar the Second; who ascended the throne amid the most complete tranquillity.

John Baptiste Julius Bernadotte was born at Pau, on the 26th January 1764. His parents were in humble circumstances, but were able to give him a good education; and it is said that he was studying for the bar when he entered the French army as a private soldier, in his sixteenth year. In 1789, he was still a Sergeant; but the Revolution having opened a way to plebeian merit, his rise was rapid; and in 1792 he was Colonel in the Army of General Custines. He served with distinction on the Rhine, and in Italy: but throughout life he was careful to avoid becoming one of the mere tools of Napoleon Buonaparte. After the Peace of Campo Formio, to get him out of the way, he was sent Ambassador to Vienna; but the conduct of the French Government caused him to retire in disgust; not before he had been obliged to defend his residence in the Austrian capital against a hostile mob. In 1799 he commanded the Army of Observation on the Rhine; and subsequently, he was appointed Minister of War. He was too active and independent in office to please the Directory;

and again he retired. His services, however, were not to be relinquished; and he successively filled with distinction the offices of Councillor of State, General-in-chief of the Army of the West, and Commander of the combined forces at Hamburg. Among other honours, he was created Prince of Ponte Corvo, and a Marshal of France. Fionia and Jutland were intrusted to his government. The mildness and justice of his administration, and some personal kindness to a number of Swedes while he commanded at Hamburg, are assigned as the causes of his future elevation. It is needless to trace the military career of Bernadotte in the French armies: it exhibits an alternation of well-merited distinction and of disgrace through the jealousy of the Emperor Napoleon. The Prince of Ponte Corvo was called from retirement to attack the English at Walcheren; and, disgusted with the espionage set over him, he gladly withdrew again from active service, on the conclusion of the peace with Austria.

His life now becomes part of the history of Sweden. In 1809, the madman Gustavus the Fourth was driven from the throne by a general revolt of all classes; and his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was called to the throne as Charles the Thirteenth. The station of Crown Prince devolved upon Christian, Prince of Sleswic Augustenberg; who died in 1810; and the throne was left without an heir. A Diet was convoked to elect a successor. There were several candidates; but the choice fell upon the Prince of Ponte Corvo; and the Swedes remembering with satisfaction his rule in the North, and hoping to conciliate the conquering Emperor, Napoleon consented to the election in terms, but interposed difficulties,—such, for example, as hesitating to release Bernadotte from his allegiance to France. The Marshal asked his master, "Will your Majesty make me greater than yourself, by compelling me to have refused a crown?" Napoleon replied, "You may go: our destinies must be fulfilled."

The newly-elected Crown Prince entered Stockholm on the 1st November 1810; assuming the name of Charles John, and abandoning the Catholic for the Protestant faith, in which he had originally been reared. His adopted father being very infirm, the Prince at once assumed the administration of affairs. Napoleon endeavoured to make the ruler of Sweden subserve to his purposes; but, while Charles John ostensibly complied with the exactions of his former chief, he was so little zealous that the Emperor was at last provoked to open hostility; and in 1812, on the Crown Prince's birthday, the French army seized the Swedish province of Pomerania. Within two months, Charles John had concluded an alliance with the Russian Emperor Alexander. In 1813, he commanded the right wing of the grand Allied Army; to which he furnished a contingent. His success was signalized by the defeat of Oudinot and Ney at Dennewitz; though memories of the past made him temper, rather than urge, the hostile measures of the Allies towards France. After the abdication of Fontainebleau, the Allied Powers annexed Norway to Sweden, in compensation for the loss of Finland, and in reward of the Crown Prince's military services. The old King dying on the 5th May 1818, the Crown Prince succeeded, by the title of Charles the Fourteenth.

Bernadotte married the wealthy Mademoiselle Clary, whose sister married Joseph Buonaparte; an alliance which was of no small service to his fortunes.

The enemies of the late King charge him with having been too much of a military officer for the enlightened statesman, and with ingratitude to the Emperor Napoleon; his friends point to his successful administration of his adopted country. "It was on his birthday in the year 1840," says the *Times*, "after a reign of nearly thirty years, that Charles John the Fourteenth took occasion, in a speech from the throne, to survey with parental satisfaction the condition of his dominions. The population of the kingdom was so much increased, that the inhabitants of Sweden alone are now equal in number to those of Sweden and Finland before the latter province was torn from the former. The commerce and the manufactures of the country have been doubled—agriculture improved—instruction diffused—the finances raised from a state of great embarrassment to complete prosperity—the national debt almost paid off—a civil and a penal code proposed for promulgation—the great canals which unite the ocean with the Baltic have been completed—and lastly, the secular hostility of the Swedish and Norwegian nations has given way to mutual confidence, cemented by kindred institutions and the enlightened government of the same sceptre."

#### THE SPEAKING ANIMALS—CHASING TAILS.

When Venus, yielding to the prayers of the enamoured youth, changed the form of his cat into that of a girl, the goddess did not or could not change its feline propensities; puss would be mousing still. And animals, though endowed with speech, and seated in conclave to discharge senatorial duties, will act much in the same manner as if they were dumb.

Kittens and young puppies are fond of chasing their tails. They are surprised with the frisking and wagging of their caudal appendage: they can scarce believe at first that it is merely a part of themselves and not instinct with a separate independent life; and, when satisfied that it belongs to them, they are as proud of it as the peacock of his resplendent train. They fondle it and coquet with it; they are never tired of making it whisk to and fro; they chase it in giddy gyrations, with as much delight as young men whirl their fair partners in the waltz.

What tails are to kittens and puppies, speeches are to young Members of Parliament—ornamental appendages in the estimation of some, ridiculous excrescences in the opinion of others. The first time a half-fledged Member hears his own voice in Parliament, he can hardly believe it himself who is achieving the feat. When he sees his speech wagging in the mirror of a newspaper, he is like Eve at the fountain. He would always be speaking: if there is no opportunity, he will make one. He gets up make-believe debates; whirls about before the House in what is called "reasoning in a circle;" chases his tail, in short, for hours together, with great delight to himself and great weariness to the House and the public; and when he has finished his gambols, if asked what he expects the House to do, coolly replies, "Nothing." He has had his frisk, and will allow the business of the Legislature to go on.

There is a difference, however, to the disadvantage of our speaking animals when compared with their feline and canine prototypes. Kittens and puppies, when they become cats and dogs, grow grave and steady—decorous mousers, like the old jobbers of Honourable House, or leaders of a "cat-and-dog-life," like the amateurs of faction-fight. But some tail-chasers of the Legislature, like the shepherd-boy in Sydney's *Arcadia*, pipe away "as though they should never grow old." Young England may be allowed to be kittenish in virtue of its name, (though Mr. Peter Borthwick is a "most tough juvenile,") and its tail-chasing of the present week about Don Carlos will be censured gently. Mr. Sharman Crawford, though not exactly a young man, is a sort of young Member, and some will find an apology for his tail-chasing about the Esti-



mates. But Mr. Fielding has been long enough in the House to contract more staid and demure habits than to be whisking about such a tail as his tale of controversies with Income-tax Commissioners; and an old stager like Mr. Robert Wallace ought to be ashamed of such juvenility, whereas he is the most inveterate tail-chaser in the House. For a mortal hour did the garrulous Member for busy Greenock keep the floor of the House in this way on Tuesday, and had the assurance, after he had done, to tell the spectators that he had been merely tail-chasing for his private amusement: "he knew it must end in smoke"—meaning that he was aware nobody would second his motion. Mr. E. B. Roche was certainly disposed to chase his tail when he suggested that Government ought to have intimated their prohibition of the Clontarf meeting by lighting "baal-fires" on the top of Dublin Castle; and the mere mention of a railroad is enough at any time to set Colonel Sibthorp a-chasing his tail with railroad velocity.

### MORAL ALCHEMY.

BY HORACE SMITH.

The toils of Alchemists whose vain pursuit,  
Sought to transmute  
Dross into gold—their secrets and their store  
Of mystic lore,  
What to the jibing modern do they seem?  
An Ignis fatuus chase, a phantasy, a dream!  
Yet for enlighten'd moral Alchemists,  
There still exists  
A philosophic stone, whose magic spell  
No tongue may tell,  
Which renovates the soul's decaying health,  
And what it touches turns to purest mental wealth.  
This secret is reveal'd in every trace  
Of Nature's face,  
Whose seeming frown invariably tends  
To smiling ends,  
Transmuting ill into their opposite,  
And all that shocks the sense to subsequent delight.  
Seems Earth unlovely in her robe of snow?  
Then look below,  
Where Nature in her subterranean Ark,  
Silent and dark,  
Already has each floral germ unfur'd,  
That shall revive and clothe the dead and naked world.  
Behold those perish'd flowers to earth consign'd,  
They, like mankind,  
Seek in their grave new birth. By nature's power,  
Each in its hour,  
Clothed in new beauty from its tomb shall spring,  
And from each tube and chalice heavenward incense fling.  
Laboratories of a wider fold  
I now behold,  
Where are prepared the harvests yet unborn,  
Of wine, oil, corn.—  
In those mute, rayless banquet-halls I see,  
Myriads of coming feasts with all their revelry.  
Yon teeming and minuter cells enclose  
The embryos,  
Of fruits and seeds, food of the feather'd race,  
Whose chanted grace,  
Swelling in choral gratitude on high,  
Shall with thanksgiving anthems melodise the sky.—  
And what materials, mystic alchemist!  
Dost thou enlist  
To fabricate this ever varied feast,  
For man, bird, beast?  
Whence the life, plenty, music, beauty, bloom?  
From silence, languor, death, unsightliness, and gloom!  
From nature's magic hand whose touch makes sadness  
Eventual gladness,  
The reverent moral alchemist may learn  
The art to turn  
Fate's roughest, hardest, most forbidding dross,  
Into the mental gold that knows not change or loss.  
Lose we a valued friend!—To soothe our woe  
Let us bestow  
On those who still survive an added love,  
So shall we prove,  
Howe'er the dear departed we deplore,  
In friendship's sum and substance no diminish'd store.  
Lose we our health? Now may we fully know  
What thanks we owe  
For our sane years, perchance of lengthen'd scope;  
Now does our hope  
Point to the day when sickness taking flight,  
Shall make us better feel health's exquisite delight.  
In losing fortune many a lucky elf  
Has found himself.—  
As all our moral bitters are design'd  
To brace the mind,  
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise  
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.  
There is no gloom on earth, for God above  
Chastens in love;  
Transmuting sorrows into golden joy  
Free from alloy,  
His dearest attribute is still to bless,  
And man's most welcome hymn is grateful cheerfulness.

Q. Why is a Bill Sticker like a Gambler?

A. Because he does nothing but placards (play cards).

### Imperial Parliament.

#### RESTRICTION ON LABOUR IN FACTORIES.

House of Commons, March 15.

The House belonged to Lord Ashley; who brought forward one of his motions on behalf of the factory people. The House had gone into Committee on the Factory Bill, and the clause defining the commencement of "night," in the sense intended by the bill, was under consideration.

The interpretation-clause proposed that the word "night" shall be taken to mean, "from eight of the clock in the evening to six of the clock on the following morning."

Lord ASHLEY, as an amendment, proposed to substitute "six" for "eight," so that the definition of "night" should be, "from six o'clock in the evening to six o'clock in the following morning;" allowing, also, two hours out of the other twelve for "meal-time."

Since he first undertook the question in 1833, experience had convinced him that avarice and cruelty were not inherent in any one class of the population; all require the same restriction on the indulgence of their passions. He assumed the right of the State to interfere on behalf of the moral and physical welfare of all classes of the population; a right recognized, and acted upon in restricting the labour of children, in Russia, Austria, Prussia, Switzerland, and less completely in France. Interposition is the more necessary, on account of the rapid increase of the manufacturing population: the total number of persons engaged in cotton factories in 1818 was 57,323; engaged in the five branches, cotton, woollen, worsted, flax, and silk, in 1835, 354,684; in the same five branches in 1839, 419,590; total of both sexes under eighteen. [in 1839,] 192,887. Simultaneously with the increase of numbers there has been a great increase of toil for those engaged in the conduct of machinery; which is three times what it was in 1815. According to calculations made for him by one of the most experienced mathematicians in England, the distance traversed by the young person who tended a pair of mules spinning the cotton numbered "40," was, in 1815, 8 miles; in 1832, 20 miles; in 1839, the lowest amount of distance was 15, the highest 37 miles: in 1815 the piecer daily put up 1,640 stretches on the two mules; in 1832, 4,400; in 1844, 4,800; and that not in one of the most rapidly-working mills. This toil produces the most sad physical consequences on the human frame. The Government Commissioners say—"The excessive fatigue, privation of sleep, pain in various parts of the body, and swelling of the feet, experienced by the young workers, coupled with the constant standing, the peculiar attitudes of the body, and the peculiar motion of the limbs required in the labour of the factory, together with the elevated temperature and the impure atmosphere in which the labour is often carried on, do sometimes ultimately terminate in the production of serious, permanent, and incurable diseases." Dr. Hawkins says—"I am compelled to declare my deliberate opinion, that no child should be employed in factory labour below the age of ten; that no individual under the age of eighteen should be employed in it longer than ten hours daily." He (Lord Ashley) attributes the presence of scrofula to factory-employment under all its circumstances of great heat, low diet, bad ventilation, protracted toil, &c. The minor accidents, such as the loss of a finger or a hand, nearly all occur at a late hour of the evening, when the workers are tired and sleepy. Early superannuation is one most striking effect of the system. Out of 20,000 hands employed at forty mills in Manchester and Stockport, in 1830, only 143 were above forty-five years of age. An effect not less alarming is, that the men of mature age are often disinclined to work while the earnings of their children maintain them in idleness. Contrast these figures with returns from several farms in England, Wales, and Scotland, which showed that out of 341 men employed on those estates, 180 were above forty years of age. In fact, there are men fifty, sixty, and even seventy years of age, earning wages to maintain their families. The moral effects of the system are not less deplorable. Thrift and economy are virtually unknown; and it rarely happens that any are known to accumulate savings to support them in age or sickness. The laws of Nature cannot be violated with impunity, but she takes her revenge in debilitated strength. In 1835, the French Chamber of Peers issued a commission to inquire into the state of the population employed in factory labour. A report was made by Baron Dupin, who made this general statement of results—"For 10,000 young men capable of military service, there were rejected as infirm, or otherwise unfit in body, 4,029 in the departments most agricultural; for 10,000 in the departments most manufacturing there were rejected 9,930." [Mr. Hawes remarked that M. Dupin's figures included the deformed.] True; but what is the comment of the reporter!—"These deformities cannot allow the Legislature to remain indifferent: they attest the deep and painful mischiefs; they reveal the intolerable nature of individual suffering; they enfeeble the country in respect to its capacity for military operations, and impoverish it in regard to the works of peace. We should blush for agriculture, if in her operations she brought, at the age adapted to labour, so small a proportion of oxen or horses in a fit state for toil, with so large a number of infirm and misshapen." The necessity of attending to the matter is shown by the fact that it is the tendency of machinery more and more to throw the labour upon women, and still more upon children. Let the House consider the effect of this system upon domestic economy. Out of thirteen married females at one mill, only one knew how to make her husband a shirt, and only four knew how to mend one. He had the evidence of several women who with reluctance admitted their own ignorance of every domestic accomplishment. The general result of the inquiry which had been instituted on this subject was, that the unmarried females, in almost every case, were destitute of a single qualification for household servants; and that the married women were untidy, slovenly, dirty, unable to cook or to sew, and entirely ignorant of household management and expenditure. Mr. Rayner, the medical officer of Stockport, says—"It has been the practice in mills gradually to dispense with the labour of males, but particularly grown-up men; so that the burden of maintaining the family has rested almost exclusively on the wife and children, while the men have had to stay at home and look after household affairs, or ramble about the streets unemployed." So the effect of the system is, that women are compelled to take the place of men, and thus to reverse the very order of Nature and Providence. In addition to the evils which I have specified, I will point out to honourable gentlemen another disastrous consequence of the present order of things. In many of these districts there are established what are called female clubs. I have an account of one of these on very respectable authority, an eye-witness, which I shall read to the House. The writer of this account says, "Fifty or sixty females, married and single, form themselves into clubs, ostensibly for protection, but in fact they meet to drink, sing, and smoke: they use, it was stated, the lowest, most brutal, and most disgusting language imaginable."

The effects upon the children themselves are lamentable. The most frightful evil in the manufacturing districts is the insubordination of children towards

their parents. Children and young persons take the same advantage of parents that women do of their husbands; frequently using oaths and harsh language. Sir Charles Shaw, the Manchester Chief Commissioner of Police, has observed, that under the present system, women acquire the worst passions of the men, become like the female followers of an army, and are the leaders and excitors to every riot and outbreak.

Would any one, believing in the existence of these enormous evils, hesitate for an instant in laying the axe to the root of the tree, and if not that, to lopping off some of its branches? A great change of opinion has taken place, since 1833: at that time Lord Ashley could scarcely number among his supporters a dozen masters of mills; now he can count them by dozens. In conclusion, he denied the imputation that he desired to exalt the landed aristocracy by humiliating and depressing the manufacturing body. "They who bring such a charge must either think me a wicked man or a fool for pursuing such a course. Every man in his senses must admit that the permanent prosperity of the manufacturing body is essential to the commercial greatness of the British empire. I will say to the members of that body, 'Peace be within your walls, and plenteousness within your palaces.' I only ask for a relaxation of toil: I ask for time to live, and time to die, and a time for the enjoyment of those comforts which sweeten life, and for the exercise of those virtues which adorn it. And with the fervent prayer to Almighty God, that it may please Him to turn the hearts of those who hear me to justice and mercy, I fully commit the issue of this question to the judgment and humanity of Parliament." [He sat down amid great cheering from all parts of the House.]

Sir JAMES GRAHAM felt it his painful duty to offer the motion his decided opposition.

The time was come, said Lord Ashley, when the Legislature ought to lay the axe to the root of the tree: but they ought to consider what the tree was—he thought it was the tree which constituted the commercial greatness of this country, and made this small island the most civilized and powerful country of the world. Listening to Lord Ashley's statements, he almost thought that they were to come to the same conclusion as in the case of the mines and collieries: but the point was narrowed to this question—whether women employed in factories should be worked ten hours or twelve, and whether children should be worked eight hours or something shorter. It was not a question of principle, but simply one of degree. It would be in violation of all principle were the Legislature now to interfere in questions of this description: that was settled in 1833. As regards infant labour, effect has already been given to many of Lord Ashley's suggestions: Legislative inspection has been established, and public opinion has been brought to bear upon the reports of the Inspectors; under the existing act, no child under nine years of age can be employed more than eight hours a day; and no young person from sixteen to eighteen more than fifteen hours, including meals. Lord Ashley pointed out the increase of labour which has resulted from improvements in machinery. The existing Factory Act was humane in its intention, yet its practical operation has been to stimulate improvements in machinery, and thereby to supersede manual labour. As to the calculations of distance traversed by mule-piecers, the results seemed to him to be impossible, and they had been denied. With respect to early superannuation, he must admit that there was decidedly an excess of female and infant labour injurious to health, and that until the year 1833 there was no restraint or check of any sort; and he was disposed to believe, that though early labour had a deleterious effect upon health, there were in the Factories Act stringent regulations which he was not prepared to call upon the House to increase. Just in the proportion that machinery was improved, a number of superannuated labourers must be displaced; and thus the evils would be augmented which it was sought by the noble lord to cure. He admitted that agricultural labour was more pleasing, but he doubted whether the vicissitudes of agricultural labourers were not greater than those of any other class. A deputation which had visited him that morning had supplied him with a practical refutation of what Lord Ashley said about the thrift and economy of the working-classes. One of that deputation, now a millowner by thrift and economy, had himself been an operative in Lancashire. Sir James had met that deputation; and he had seen and admired the propriety of demeanour, the cool and dispassionate manner, in which that gentleman argued the question; and he had asked him, "Are you still an operative?" The reply was, "No, Sir; I am now entitled to a share in a mill; but though no longer a labourer myself, I am trusted by those I represent." The master-manufacturers had acquiesced in the bill now before the Committee, because they had reliance on the assurance of the Government that they would stand firm (after full deliberation) on a twelve-hours bill. It could not be forgotten, that the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester had entertained the same doubt upon the point as the Government. As to the workmen themselves, he had doubts whether on this subject they entertained the same feelings as the Noble Lord. All the branches of manufactures affected by the bill are carried on by machinery. Now, such is the rapidity with which machinery is improved, that none can continue in use more than twelve or thirteen years without improvement: it is necessary to replace machinery once every twelve or thirteen years; and they were now, therefore, discussing the question whether, by an abridgment by one-sixth of the period in which the capital was to be replaced, and the interest on it restored,—the full time of twelve hours being necessary at present, in order to enable the manufacturer to do that in twelve or thirteen years,—they would render it impossible for him to have that capital, and the interest on it, restored. If the Committee agreed to reduce by one-sixth the hours of labour, when nearly equal wages were paid, what would be the consequence of that step? As he was informed, and as he fully believed, it would be a fatal step: but that would not be the first effect of the change. The mill-owner would not merely attempt to operate, but, whenever he had the power to do so, would actually operate on wages. Whether he should have the power to do so would be dependent on the state of the labour-market. It was notorious that the power of the millowner in this respect arose from the redundant supply of labour. It followed, therefore, of course, that the millowner, when forced by the Legislature to diminish the hours of employment, and so abridge his profits, would compensate himself by diminishing the amount of wages paid. Among the labouring classes, to whom this question referred, he was convinced that a great deal of intelligence existed; and he believed that class to be so intelligent that many of them understood the proposition of the Noble Lord. He had spoken with many of them, and they one and all admitted that the proposition involved a decrease of wages. According to the present system of fixed charges on cotton-mills, Mr. Horner estimated, in a particular case, that the substitution of eleven hours for twelve would occasion the loss of £850 per annum; and with a substitution of ten hours, £1,530; the loss being in a greater ratio than the diminution of time. If the loss were entirely thrown on the operative, which was not improbable, the reduction to eleven hours would occasion a loss of 13 per cent. in his wages; the reduction to ten hours would

induce a loss of 25 per cent. When the manufacturing operatives were in full work and had good wages, the health of the manufacturing districts were in a satisfactory condition: on the other hand, short time—shorter than ten hours—was found not to be beneficial to health. When about two years ago the working manufacturers were put on short time of only eight hours, and wages were low, then was the time when disease was rife in the manufacturing districts, when immoral habits were most brought into view, and when disease was the inevitable result. On the whole, he was satisfied that the Legislature, holding the balance between the employer and the employed, would do best to stand by the present law.

Mr. MILNER GIBSON contended that the change would be injurious to all classes of the manufacturing population.

It might be supposed that to prevent young persons from working twelve hours a day would not interfere with adults; but such was not the case. If they enacted that no young persons and women of all ages should work more than ten hours, that was to say, that the factories themselves should not go on for more than ten hours—that was the effect of the noble Lord's proposition—it would stop the whole manufacturing processes of the country; it would interfere materially with the fixed capital the Committee had heard so much about. They would diminish all the manufactures of the country 20 per cent. The change, too, would destroy the profit of the manufacturer. In 1836 or 1837, Mr. Senior, with some other gentlemen, went into the manufacturing districts with the view of ascertaining the effect of factory-legislation, and making observations upon the factory-population. Mr. Senior wrote a letter dated the 28th March 1837, to Mr. Poulett Thomson, containing a calculation which he offered as proving that if the hours of working were reduced by one hour per day, prices remaining the same, net profit would be destroyed; if they were reduced by an hour and a half, even gross profit would be destroyed. This calculation of Mr. Senior was, in Mr. Gibson's opinion, sound in principle; and if gentlemen would consider it they would find it indisputable. The longer-hour system was essential to gaining any profit; gaining profit was essential to the existence of manufactures; and the existence of manufactures was essential to enable the manufacturing population to gain their bread. The danger therefore was lest they should destroy the stable manufactures of the country, and by so doing inflict a great injury on the working classes they were professing to serve. He had been surprised at Lord Ashley's statement respecting the distance traversed by a piecer daily. The noble Lord's eminent mathematician calculated on paper; whereas Mr. Gregg had actually measured the steps which a piecer took; and not only Mr. Gregg, but several other persons in different factories and in different places, had made the same measurement, and, without communication with one another, had all arrived at nearly the same result one with another, but a very different result from that stated by the noble Lord. They made the average eight miles for twelve hours, instead of thirty-seven or twenty miles. With regard to the statement of the noble Lord respecting old men, Mr. Thomas Ashworth, a gentleman to whom the right hon. Baronet had referred, told him that he had in his own employment a man who had been in the mill for forty years, and that some of the oldest persons he knew in the district he lived in were mill-operatives. The limitation in England was to be ten hours a day, while on the Continent people work thirteen and fourteen hours a day; and that with the competition which the English manufacturer was to encounter!

Mr. WARD pointed to ulterior consequences of Lord Ashley's proposal—

Would a ten-hours bill effect all the benefits he wished? Would that restore the women to domestic duties—the mother to her children, and enable them to perform those maternal duties, the absence of which was the cause of immorality? Would it stop the deterioration of the race, and all those evils which the noble Lord had pointed out? Those evils arose from the manufacturing system, and not from the time to which labour was extended. But if they interfered in one class of manufactures, how could they deny the duty of interfering with all? He could show ten thousand times worse cases than the noble Lord had pointed out. One branch of the trade of his constituents was undoubtedly and inevitably fatal to life within a certain period; and yet people were found to face it for the temporary advantages which it brought, notwithstanding the almost certain result.

Mr. BRIGHT retorted the charges against the manufacturers, by reference to the dressmakers of London. He declared that the alleged immorality of factories were all calumny. To show the superior mental condition of the manufacturing districts, he mentioned, that of £3,000 subscribed by friends of education in Staleybridge, £250 was subscribed by operatives; while the recent depression in those districts was felt by none more than by the publishers of light and popular literature. He stated some facts connected with his own firm, which employs 518 persons, to show that married women are not so much withdrawn from their domestic duties, and that with all their privations the factory-people have much larger wages than the agricultural labourers.

Fifty-one cottages belonging to his establishment was inhabited by such as worked on the premises: each cottage had on an average 6 1-6 individuals; the average number of workers in each was 3 1/2; the average weekly earnings of each family were £1 15s. 9d.; the average weekly earnings per head were 11s.; the average yearly earnings of each family £92 19s. The concern at Bolton employed 69 families, whose average earnings per week were £1 13s. 4d., or £87 7s. 3d. per annum; and there was here the same abstraction of women from mill-work after the age of twenty-one—out of 700 persons there was only one married woman employed. In a mill at Rottenstone there were 342 individuals employed, at an average of 9s. 6 1/2d. a-week per head; there were thirty-two cottages with 3 1-3 workers in each family, whose average weekly earnings were £1 13s. None of those heads of families had ever received parochial relief; and, out of fifty-one families employed by themselves, only three had ever received parochial relief; while in the county of Dorset one-seventh of the whole population, including clergy, bankers, shopkeepers, and others, had been in the receipt of parochial relief. At an establishment in Darwin there were fifty-four cottages, one family in each, whose average wages were 25s. per week. Yet all this had arisen under a system whose trade was sought to be crippled by the noble Lord. He might instance the case of Samuel Pooghis, who came from Suffolk in 1836, with a family of ten children, whose whole wages and parish-allowances amounted to only 10s. 4d. per week; his family had now increased to eleven children, and he was now earning 55s. per week, or 5s. per head for each member of his family. He might also refer to the case of some labourers who had migrated from Bucks; one of whom having saved as much money as enabled him to visit his old friends in the agricultural districts, and being asked on his return whether he preferred Lancashire to his native county, answered, that he liked Bucks very well, but the people there were so hard worked and so badly paid that he preferred remaining where he was.

He told Lord Ashley that he would obtain little credit among the manufac-



turers of Lancashire unless he procured his information through more respectable channels. He knew the individuals well; one was William Dodd, who called himself "a factory-cripple," the writer of some books on the Factory System, addressed to Lord Ashley. The statements in those books were utterly false, and nearly all of them grossly and malignantly exaggerated. William Dodd stated in one of these books, that "at the age of thirty-two he was done up as a factory-worker, and obliged to find some other occupation;" but Mr. Bright could prove from indisputable authority, that Dodd was obliged to leave the factory on account of the gross immorality of his own conduct. He had letters of Dodd's writing at that very moment in his pocket, and he should read extracts from them, in which he complained that the noble Lord had used him as long as he could get any thing out of him, and his party cast him off when they found they could make no more of him. He said the noble Lord used to give him dinners at his own house, and show him to his visitors as an illustration of the cruelties of the factory-system; but that when he applied for a small balance of account, the noble Lord wrote him an angry letter, in which he recounted the many dinners he had given him, and that he was merely taken up as an object of compassion. ["Hear, hear!" and "Oh, oh!"]

Lord ASHLEY, speaking with some excitement, resented Mr. Bright's remarks, as a personal attack.

Mr. BRIGHT earnestly disclaimed any such intention; and read extracts from Mr. Dodd's letters to justify his account of their purport, and to show how the writer could speak of his employers.

Lord ASHLEY accepted the explanation; and in turn explained his intercourse with Dodd—

"It is perfectly true that I was acquainted with Dodd, and it is perfectly true also that he called on me in London. I received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had been injured whilst working in a factory. He afterwards called on me, and certainly I never saw a more wretched object. He had lost his hand, and I may say had almost lost his shape: he hardly looked, indeed, like a human being. I certainly assisted him. He afterwards went down into the manufacturing districts; and I so far sent him there, that, understanding it was necessary he should go, I assisted him with funds to defray the expenses of the journey. He wrote me some letters subsequently; but I assure the hon. gentleman that I never quoted a single fact from any one of his communications. Certain facts regarding him have since come to my knowledge, and I am certainly inclined now to think that he was unworthy my kindness."

Sir ROBERT PEEL opposed Lord Ashley's amendment.

Theoretically, it imposed restrictions on the labour of females and children; but practically, it would also prevent the labour of male adults beyond the time specified. It applied to the four great branches of British industry, the cotton, woollen, worsted, and linen manufactures. Now, of £44,000,000 value, 35,000,000 is exported; but it was proposed that a reduction of time should be appointed, equal to a cessation of work during seven weeks in the year; and that too at the time when the exportation of machinery has given another advantage to the manufacturer abroad! How long could the home manufacturer be able to stand this increased competition? Would not it give an increased impulse to the foreign rival? His material will not be increased in price; he will come into competition with you, who have raised the price of your manufactures by your interference with the hours of labour; he will take advantage of that, and you will suffer in the neutral market without a power of compensating yourself for your increased cost. "Look at the thousands and tens of thousands congregated together and dependent upon it for support; and look at the consequence upon the comforts of those people, not of severe labour, but of the depression of manufacturing prosperity, and the absence of a demand for labour. And look at that which I never shall forget as long as I live—the state of Paisley in the year 1842, with from 14,000 to 15,000 men out of employment, offering their labour, and yet without the means of getting an equivalent for it, being dependent upon charity for support. Then, I say, if commerce is depressed, that is an addition to the material suffering of the people of this country infinitely greater than any evil that can arise from working twelve or fourteen hours. If I could, I would have women labour but eight hours a day; but these questions do not depend upon the wishes and feelings of humanity. It is an entirely different thing, that which I wish and am desirous of maintaining, from that which is desirable to attempt by means of a preparatory enactment. I therefore, when I say I must consider the commercial view of the subject, it is not by placing the commercial gain in contrast with the comforts of the people; but I say that hundreds and thousands are dependent for food upon the prosperity of our commerce; and if any particular measure tends to increase foreign competition, and to strike a blow at the permanent prosperity of these great branches of industry, I shall rue, when it is too late, the injury I shall have inflicted upon the working classes of the country by assenting to it."

He pointed out the injustice which the restriction would inflict on the manufacturer, who, after keeping his mill open without profit during seasons of commercial depression, seeks to repay himself by renewed activity in times of prosperity; and in like manner after a period of decline and short wages, when the labouring man had an opportunity of earning £91 a year, then Parliament was to interpose and keep him on the £25 or £30 a year which he earned during bad times! What was that but levying an income-tax upon labour? To impose a restriction upon one class of labour was to give a premium to another class; but what were the kinds of employment that would be encouraged? If he could carry his own wishes into effect, he should be much inclined to prohibit some kinds of agricultural labour, carried on by women in the middle of winter; and he read a long list of manufacturing operations in hard-ware, metal, earthen-ware, and other occupations, in which the work is at least as hard as in factory labour, and in which the employment of women and children would be encouraged by the proposed restriction. If the principle of the motion were adopted, it could not stop with the trade specified by the bill, but must extend to all other departments of labour in which young and adult females are employed. "If you are prepared to legislate for them—[Cheers from both sides of the House]—are you prepared to legislate for them? [Loud cheers.] Then we are about to subject not factory labour only, but all labour in this country, if it falls at all within the same principles, to the same restrictions. [Cheers.]—We are about not merely to interdict the employment of women in mines and collieries, but to provide regulations which shall apply to children, and which ought to apply to adults, in respect of all labour, where we think it more severe than the human frame ought justly to bear. [Cheers.] That principle, then, is well understood. [Cheers.] If this, then, be only the commencement of the work, I cannot make any objection to it as being an unjust interference with particular classes of labour: but if, as it seems now to be the impression, and perhaps the just one, that the imposing these restrictions will engender the necessity of further restrictions, applicable to all labour—and as I see not why it should not extend to agricultural labour—[Loud cheers from the Opposition]—all I can say is, that before I adopt a principle which necessarily leads to such

extensive consequences, namely, an invariable and almost universal interference with labour in this country—although I admit, from the universality of its application, it is not inconsistent with justice as showing a preference to one description of labour over another, yet, foreseeing that it involves me in a duty which I shall never be able satisfactorily to perform—knowing that although it is possible for me, perhaps, to deal with factory labour, yet where I am to enter into the private shop and private house, and impose obligations on every individual as to the degree of labour which he shall impose, not on three or four hundred children, but on the two or three members of his family whom he employs—if I am to be involved in such a difficult, and, as I think, such a perilous adventure—if I am to undertake the duty of prescribing by legislation, not merely how long the steam-engine shall work—that I can effect—but if I am to inculcate on every private establishment and every private family the duties of humanity by legislation, I am involved in a task above all human strength, and full, as I believe, of individual injustice. [Cheers.] I know my wishes and feelings would be as much in concurrence with effecting that object as it is in the case of the Factories Bill. I should like to see the father more proud of the education, instruction, and moral training of his children, than anxious to increase his earnings by their labour. But can I effect that by law? If I once undertook it, I must not be deterred by the difficulty of legislating on individual cases. The more I extend my legislation—if I go from the factory to the earthen-ware trade, from the earthen-ware to the hosiery, and from the hosiery to the lace-trade, that which I leave unencumbered I give fresh encouragement to. It is not the magnitude of the establishment I shall have to contend with: if I carry out the principle fully and fairly, I must descend into all the details of daily occupation. It is admitted that the first principle of undue interference involves that point. What may be the effect, then, on the general employment of the country of such an attempt? I know it is pregnant with the most important consequences. After legislation shall have been effected, and these new restrictions imposed, depend upon it, that is not the close of your legislation." [Cheers.]

Lord JOHN RUSSELL announced that he would vote for the amendment, though not satisfied with Lord Ashley's statement.

The Committee divided twice; first, on the motion to leave out the word "eight" in order to insert "six," which was affirmed by 179 to 170—majority against Ministers, 9; and then, on the motion to insert the word "six," which was affirmed by 161 to 153—majority, 8.

Sir J. GRAHAM said that he still retained insuperable objections to what was virtually a ten-hours bill: but he did not consider it consistent with his duty to drop the measure at the present stage. On the 8th clause, Lord Ashley would have to move the substitution of "ten" for "twelve" hours; and the question could then be reconsidered in a more substantive form. He moved, therefore, that the Chairman report progress and ask leave to sit again on Friday.

The House accordingly resumed.

On Tuesday, at the instance of Mr. LABOUCHERE, Lord ASHLEY stated his future course.

He had that morning had an interview with five or six considerable manufacturers, and with several operatives, who represented the feelings of the operative manufacturing classes; and they all heartily approved of the plan he was about to state. On Friday, he should entreat the House to affirm the proposition of ten-hours labour, by the substitution of the word "ten" for "twelve" in the 8th clause of the bill. Should that be affirmed, he should prepare a clause enacting that the present duration of labour, twelve hours, should continue till the 1st October 1844; the period should then fall to eleven hours; to continue so till the 1st October 1846, when the period of ten hours should commence. He thought that would give ample time for the change.

Sir J. GRAHAM stated that he should resist the motion to substitute "ten" for "twelve," and should take the sense of the House upon it.

House of Commons, Friday, March 22.

Although there were two divisions in the House on the Ten-hours project the question is still open; Lord Ashley and his opponents the Ministers having both been defeated!

The great contest was about the 8th clause, which provided that no young person or woman of any age should be employed daily "more than" hours; and it was proposed to fill up the blank with the word "twelve." Lord ASHLEY moved an amendment to substitute "ten" for "twelve"; repeating the substance of some previous arguments for the change. He fervently exhorted Ministers not to overrule the recent decision by the exercise of mere official influence, and the House to maintain its own character and consistency.

The debate which ensued was characterized by little novelty; the interest centering almost entirely in the approaching division. Mr. BECKET and Mr. ALDAM advocated an eleven-hours bill. Sir JAMES GRAHAM reproached some of the usual supporters of Government for their unfriendly tone; and the Whig Ex-Ministers for their ungrateful desertion of him, who when he was in Opposition had supported them; and he declared that he found it impossible to depart from his former judgment. The ablest speech on the Government side was that of Mr. CARDWELL; who adduced some forcible reasons for believing that the restriction would be injurious to the workpeople themselves; and declared, that as the amendment was not the "uniform Ten-hours Bill" desired by the working classes, Lord Ashley could not truly boast of their support. On the side of Lord Ashley, and indeed of all in the debate, Mr. CHARLES BULLER was the most remarkable. He contended, that to a new state of society new principles must be applied; that the dangerous and wretched condition of the great towns, peopled by hosts of unskilled labourers, requires something to be done; but he would not push any principles further than practical experience found them to be for the good of the people.

The Committee first divided on the question that the blank in the clause be filled with the word "twelve." For the motion, 183; against it, 186; majority against Ministers and the twelve-hours proposition, 3.

The Committee then divided on the motion that the blank be filled with the word "ten": For the motion, 181; against it, 188; majority against Lord Ashley and the ten-hours proposition, 7.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM moved that the Chairman report progress:

As the Committee had come to a decision that the blank should be filled neither by the word "twelve" nor "ten," he considered he himself should best discharge his duty to the great commercial and manufacturing interests of the country by taking until next Monday to consider the course he should adopt in regard to the question.

Lord Ashley bowed to the decision of the House, but reserved his right to assert his principles on every legitimate occasion; and declared that he would persevere in his object to the latest hour of his existence.

The House resumed, and adjourned a quarter before two o'clock this morning.

## THE CANADA COMPANY.

The half-yearly meeting of the Canada Company was held on the 27th ult. at the Company's establishment, St. Helena's place. Charles Franks, Esq., in the chair.

After the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed,

The CHAIRMAN said the first business of the day was the election of a governor for three years, and three directors.

It was resolved unanimously, that Mr. Charles Franks should be re-elected as governor, and Sir John Easthorpe, Mr. A. Humphreys, and Mr. Stokes should be re-appointed as directors. Mr. Wilson was again appointed auditor.

The GOVERNOR then proceeded to state the operations for the past year. The sales of land in the Crown reserves had been 12,838 acres, at an average of 13s. 7d. per acre, and in the Huron tract there had been disposed of 8,705 acres, at an average of 12s. 1d. per acre; making a total of 21,543 acres, the produce of which had been 13,804l. currency. This was independently of the town lots that had been purchased. There had been leased of Crown reserves 68,805 acres, producing an annual rental of 2,769l., or equal to 10s. 5d. per acre, and the leases granted in the Huron tract for the year ending 31st of December last were 62,907½ acres. The leases were granted for twelve years, at a rental which, if regularly paid, the land would become the property of the occupier, and consequently aliened from the Company. The total quantity of land leased and sold was 194,255 acres. The governor then read a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the Corporation from its commencement, which was considered satisfactory. The Company had 1,378,189 acres of land paid for, but still unsold. The quantity purchased from the Government was 2,484,412 acres. Of this there had been 982,941 acres sold, and 123,313 acres had yet to be paid for, the company having the option of taking the latter. Since the commencement of the year there had been sold in the Crown reserves 1,500 acres, and in the Huron tract 800 acres. There had been leased in the former, 3,800 acres; and in the latter, 7,290 acres; an increase over the operations of the same period of 1842, of 3,758 acres. In the receipts there had been an increase of 2,842. The plan of leasing the land had been most beneficial, and the rents hitherto had been punctually paid. The passing of the Canadian Corn Bill, which had come into operation in October last, had been productive already of beneficial effects, and no doubt could be entertained that it would continue to be so. Through the exertions of the company's commissioners (Mr. Jones and Mr. Widder) the sales of the company's lands had been greatly increased, while those on the part of the Government had been but few. The governor read extracts from the correspondence received from the commissioners, in which the rising prosperity of the settlers was spoken most highly of. Markets for their produce were easily found, and for cash. They believed that the emigration this year would be considerably increased, as many from Scotland, as well as Protestant families from Ireland, were coming to join their relatives, who have already settled in Upper Canada. An extensive shipment of flour was expected to take place from Montreal. The colonists on the company's lands were improving, as was shown by the remittances made to their poorer relatives in the United Kingdom, which, upon an average, had in the last year been 9l. for each individual, who had sent home money to fathers, mothers, &c., through the company's agency, and which was afforded gratuitously. The total amount so remitted from Canada to the company last year was 2,990l., and by the last letters 600l. in addition, similarly destined, were advised. This showed that the settlers upon the company's lands were prospering—(Hear, hear)—and that the position in which the colony was placed was improving.

The accounts were ordered to be printed; thanks were returned to the directors, and the meeting adjourned.

## Latest Intelligence.

**THE STEAMSHIP GREAT WESTERN.**—Our readers in the United States and Canada will learn with surprise and regret that the steamship *Great Western* will not again visit New York. She has been purchased by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company for £32,000; and will immediately undergo a complete repair and refitting at an expense of eight thousand pounds. She will at first be placed on the Alexandria station, in order to give time for repairs to the *Oriental* and *Great Liverpool*, which have now been running a long time; but, ultimately, it is intended to place her on the Bombay station.

Letters from Copenhagen announce the death of Thorwaldsen, the celebrated sculptor.

No less than 199 bottles of castor oil were sent through the general post-office London, one day last week, addressed to all parts of the country. The postage on each was 4d. The post-office then can dispense physic for the million.

The French government have refused permission to open an hydropathic establishment at Paris.

The impression has become general that Sir Robert Peel intends, on the renewal of the Bank Charter, to prohibit, after a certain time, the issue of notes by Private or Joint Stock Banks.

The British Anti-Slavery Society have issued a circular to the ministers of churches in London and the neighbourhood, calling upon them to sign a memorial to the American churches against slavery. The memorial was forwarded by the Acadia.

**THE CORN LAWS—DECLARATION OF MINISTERS.**—The Duke of Wellington from his place in the House of Lords, as a member of the government, used these expressions on Monday last with respect to the Corn laws. "As to the Corn Laws, I have never changed the opinions that I held upon that question. I recommend to your lordships to adopt the present Corn laws, and I now recommend it to you to adhere to them."

**TOM THUMB AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.**—General Tom Thumb has made his appearance at the Stock Exchange, and was universally allowed to be to smallest American stock ever known there; Pennsylvania dividends, of course, excepted.

**FRANCE.**—The *Courier Francaise* states, that "although the report of a military conspiracy having been discovered amongst the troops in the garrison at Paris, as announced in the *National* of the 4th of march gains ground amongst the public, the friends of the Ministry consider it as a pure invention. The Ministerial journals, however, are silent on the subject."

The Chamber of Deputies, on the 26th ult., voted the secret Service Money Bill by a majority of fifty-six, which is understood as a vote of confidence in Ministers, and to settle the stability of the *Saint Girard* Cabinet at least for this session.

The *Journal des Debats* announces that no fewer than five great lines of railway, embracing altogether 1500 miles in their extent, have received the sanction of Government, and are to be commenced forthwith.

The funeral of General Pajol took place on the 23d ult. He was followed to the grave by a large number of peers, deputies, and general officers. The deceased was 72 years of age, and had been in the French army for 53 years. He was aid-de-camp for Kleber at the battle of Altenkirchen, who conferred on him the rank of chef d'escadron on the field of battle.

Charles Mathew, Esq., brother the much-loved apostle of Temperance, has received the appointment of provisional Auditor under the Poor-law Commissioners. The salary of the office is £500. per annum. Cork Examiner.

**THE FRENCH ARMY.**—The French army at present amounts to 344,000 men, including officers, and 83,416 horses. Of this total 284,000 men and 69,520 horses form the division in France, and 60,000 men and 13,416 horses those in Algeria.

The *Commerce* mentions that Count Mole would leave Paris for St. Petersburg next May, and return by Constantinople, after visiting Moscow and magnificent harbours and arsenals established by Russia along the Black Sea.

The convictions at the recent assizes for Essex have not in the least subdued the abominable spirit of incendiarism in these districts of the country, as no less than seven instances have occurred since the termination of the assizes, viz: at Stowmarket, Bacton, Preston, and Tudderdad, in Suffolk; and at Tendering, Rayne, and Braintree, in Essex.

Sir Robert Peel has given an authorized contradiction to the rumor, that her Majesty intends to visit Berlin, in the month of May.

It is computed that there are 115,000 foreigners resident in London, and 60,000 Englishmen residing on the continent.

The Earl of Zetland has been elected Grand Master of the Freemasons for the year ensuing.

Bailly is engaged upon a statue of the late Duke of Sussex, for the Masonic Hall, Freemason's Tavern, London.

Her Majesty's accouchment may be expected about the beginning of July next.

The British Association for the Promotion of Science will hold its meeting for 1845 at Cambridge.

Captain Matthews, late M. P. for Shaftesbury, has been appointed Governor of the Bermudas.

At Adrianople, an inundation has destroyed about 2,000 houses, the Europeans being severe sufferers.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., has been elected a member of the French Institute.

The French Government has promised to spend 20 millions of francs in improving the harbour of Marseilles.

The Duke of Devonshire has sold his magnificent collection of coins and medals which cost him £50,000.

In Scotland there are at the present moment fifty-nine furnaces in blast, and forty-seven out of blast.

**THE CARTOONS.**—There is an artist, by order of the King of Prussia, at Hampton Court, copying these wonders of art.

Mr. Barry's plan for a Westminster Bridge has been laid before us. It is of the Vulcanian order—an iron bridge! The architect undertakes to erect it for £185,000.

The Carlton Club, are about erecting an elegant house for the accommodation in Pall Mall, and have offered premiums for the best designs.

The Bankers' Circular states that some Scotch banks have given their adhesion to the project entertained by Sir R. Peel, of establishing a sole bank of issue.

A bill is before Parliament for making a new suspension bridge across the Thames, from Church-street, Lambeth, to Market-street, Westminster.

A rather smart shock of an earthquake was lately felt at Galashiels, Fifeshire; the ground was felt to shake, but no damage was done.

The King of Prussia is in treaty for the purchase of the library of the late Duke of Sussex, which consists of 45,000 volumes.

Workmen are now being employed in laying down an India-rubber pavement on the Court-yard at the British Admiralty.

The magnetic power of the compass needle, says the *Magazine of Science*, may be entirely destroyed or changed by being touched with the juice of an onion.

A magnificent steamer is building at Brest, by the French Government, to convey the Royal family to England next summer.

Mr. Scott Murray, a disciple of the Rev. Mr. Newman, and one of the members for the county of Bucks, has conformed to the Roman Catholic faith.

A memorial from the cotton manufacturers of Wigan was forwarded, lately, to Sir Robert Peel, praying for the abolition of the tax on cotton.

Mr. Edward Willmer, of the firm of Willmer & Smith, is about to make a business tour in the United States and Canada.

The Queen has granted apartments in Hampton Court Palace, to the sisters of the father and uncle of Sir H. Pottinger.

A galvanized wire rope, 123 miles long, has just been completed in London. It is intended for electrical communication upon one of the railways.

It is said that the Queen divides £25,000 a year among the family of the Fitzclarences, the progeny of William IV. by Mrs. Jordan.

**PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. PAKENHAM.**—Mr. Pakenham, now Minister to the United States, has had a valuable service of plate presented to him by the British merchants of Mexico, in recognition of his valuable service. The service is certainly of the most splendid description. It weighs about 4000 ounces, and the cost is between £3000 and £4000. The patterns of the dishes, salvers, covers, &c., are of extremely elegant form. The candelabra are richly wrought, and of very graceful shape, and the wine-coolers, profusely covered with grapes and vine leaves, which climb to the brim, are boldly sculptured.

Reports are current that Sir E. Sugden will shortly leave Ireland to take upon himself the high office of Lord Chancellor of England. Lord Lyndhurst would be better pleased, they say, to have another successor, but the state of his health will not allow him to hold on any longer; and the arrangement he desired cannot now take place.

Rebecca seems to have commenced her outrages again in South Wales, for, on the 27th ult., a gate was destroyed at Cardigan, which was within six yards of the county goal.



**Return of Mr. O'Connell to Ireland.**—Grand banquets in honor of Mr. O'Connell and his fellow traversers were to take place in Cork on April the 9th, and in Dublin on April the 10th. Mr. W. S. O'Brien, M. P., was to preside at the former. Every arrangement has been made for the appeal to the House of Lords; and Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Sergeant Murphy are retained for the traversers. There was some little delay about allowing the usual license for these Queen's counsel to appear for Mr. O'Connell, but all this is now concluded.

**Deaths of Remarkable Personages.**—The venerable Earl of Lonsdale expired at his residence at Twickenham, near London, on Tuesday, the 19th ult., in the 87th year of his age. His Lordship was the oldest member of the English House of Peers with the exception of the Archbishop of York. He was a distinguished patron of literature, and was the intimate friend of Wordsworth the poet. The "Excursion" is dedicated to the Earl in one of Wordsworth's best sonnets.—Major General Octavius Carey died in Cork on the 16th ult., in his 59th year. He was of Norman descent, his direct ancestor being one of the followers of William the Conqueror.—Lord William Hill, third son of the Marquis of Downshire, was killed by a fall from his horse on the 18th ult. while following the stag hounds in the neighborhood of Ipswich.—Col. O'Reilly, husband of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, died at Knock Abbey Castle, county of Louth, Ireland, on the 4th ult.

Prince Albert was to leave London on the 28th March for Germany, on a visit of ten or twelve days.

Her Majesty has appointed the Rev. Edward Field to the Bishopric of Newfoundland.

**Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.**—The annual dinner of the friends and supporters of this institution, which was founded by David Garrick has just been held with great eclat. The Marquis of Clanricarde presided, supported by a great body of noblemen and gentlemen. Mr. Harly responded to the customary toast of "Prosperity to the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund;" after which subscriptions were announced (including the annual gift of 105l. from the Queen) to the amount of nearly 1000l.

It is said that the Postmaster-General, now Earl of Lonsdale, intends to relinquish his office so soon as arrangements can be made for the appointment of his successor.

**Turkey and Circassia.**—According to letters from St. Petersburg, several Turkish vessels, loaded with ammunition for the Circassians, have been taken by the Russians who have found papers in those vessels which prove that the Ottoman Government was not unacquainted with the forwarding of the stores. The Russian Government has made a very energetic representation on the infractions of the treaty of the Dardanelles. The Divan replied, that they would prevent the transmission of any warlike stores in future.

The Russian army in the Caucasus has recently experienced many reverses arising principally from the improved state of discipline amongst the hardy mountaineers who are defending themselves against the invaders. Several Poies, of military experience, have succeeded in joining the Circassians, and giving to them the aid of their tactics. According to the *Cologne Gazette*, the Circassians have received large supplies of arms and ammunition from England, and this circumstance is said to have caused great irritation in the mind of the Emperor of Russia, and led to remonstrances to the English government. This however, is untrue, as the English government has no means of preventing the supply of arms and ammunition to the Circassians by English merchants.—According to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Russia intends to strike a decisive blow this summer against the mountaineers. Ten or twelve vessels of war are to be fitted out in the Black Sea, for the purpose of blockading the whole coast of Caucasus, and a part of the Russian army of the south is to support the operations.

**Spain.**—We are in possession of Madrid papers to the 7th instant, on which day the news of the fall of Alcant was known in the capital. Queen Christina had arrived. Her progress through Spain had been attended with much rejoicing. She was joyfully received in Barcelona on the 4th instant, and great enthusiasm was displayed on the occasion. She left Madrid for Aranjuez, which place she reached in safety, notwithstanding numerous rumours of conspiracies and plots to blow up or otherwise destroy her Majesty, and was to set out again immediately on her way to meet her royal daughters between Orana and Aranjuez. It is said the Cabinet has determined that as soon as the affairs of Alcant and Carthage shall have been settled, the present Cortes shall be dissolved.

**OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, March 18.**—Corps of Royal Engineers: Sec. Capt. and Brevet-Maj. T. Foster to be Capt. v. Lewis, ret. on full-pay; First Lt. R. C. Moody, to be Sec. Capt. v. Foster; Sec. Lt. W. M. Inglis to be First Lt. v. Moody.

**War-Office, March 22.**—7th Drag. Gds.: Lt. J. H. Gray, from the 14th Light Drags, to be lieut. v. Robertson, appt. to the 2d Drags. 2nd Dragoons: lieut. A. Robertson from the 7th Drag. Guards, to be lieut. v. Ramsay, appt. to the 14th Light Drags. 3d Light Drags.: Cor. E. B. Cureton, from the 16th Light Drags, to be lieut. without pur., v. White, dec. 14th Light Drags.: lieut. B. W. Ramsay, from the 2d Drags, to be lieut. v. Gray, appt. to the 7th Drag. Gds. 15th Light Drags.: Cor. A. Blandy to be lieut. without pur. v. Ede, dec. 3d Foot: To be Capt. without pur.: lieut. H. Blair, v. Stewart, killed in action; lieut. J. Speedy, vice Magrath, died of his wounds. To be lieuts. without pur.: Ens. R. W. Woods, v. Maude, appt. Adj.; Ens. F. N. Dore, vice Speedy. To be Ens. without pur.: F. G. Syms, Gent. v. Woods, prom.; E. S. Charlton, Gent. v. Dore, prom. To be Adj.: lieut. F. F. Maude, v. Blair, prom. 9th Foot: Lt. F. L. Bennett, from the 13th Foot, to be lieut. v. Williams, who exchs. 13th Foot: lieut. W. W. Williams, from the 9th Ft. to be lieut. vice Bennett, who exchs. 18th Foot: F. B. Tritton, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Mostyn, appt. to the 27th Foot. 21st Foot: Maj. R. T. R. Pattoun to be lieut.-Col. without pur. v. Walker, dec.: Brevet Maj. J. C. Peddie to be Maj. v. Pattoun; lieut. G. Frend, from the 31st Foot, to be Capt. v. Peddie. 27th Foot: Ens. O. Langley to be lieut. by pur. v. Hutton, who rets.; Ens. T. Mostyn, from the 18th Foot, to be Ens. v. Langley. 28th Foot: lieut. H. F. Wakefield, from the 40th Foot, to be Captain without pur. v. Lugard, whose prom. in this Corps, on 29th Oct. 1843, has been canceled. 29th Foot: Ens. H. G. Walker, to be lieut. without pur. v. Moore, dec.; Ens. E. T. Scudmore, from the 71st Regt., to be Ens. v. Walker, prom. 31st Foot: Maj. H. C. Van Cortlandt to be Lieut.-Col. without pur. v. Churchill, killed in action; Brevet Maj. J. Spence to be Major, v. Van Cortlandt; lieut. E. Lugard to be Capt. v. Spence. 34th Foot: Lieut. C. A. Schreiber to be Capt. by pur. v. Broderick, who rets.; Ens. E. F. Agnew, to be lieut. by pur. v. Schreiber; J.

Robinson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Agnew. 38th Foot: Lt. J. J. Grant to be Capt. without pur. vice Brevet Major A. Campbell, who rets. on full pay; Ensign H. Holden to be lieutenant vice Grant; G. Green, Gentleman, to be Ensign, vice Holden. 39th Foot: Gent. Cadet G. F. C. Bray, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be Ensign, without pur. v. Bray, died of his wounds. 50th Foot: lieutenant H. Needham to be Captain without purchase, v. Cobban, killed in action; Ens. E. J. Chambers to be lieut. vice Needham; W. Du Vernet, Gent. to be Ens. without purchase, v. Chambers.—64th Foot: Capt. G. Jackson, from the h.-p. Glengarry Fencibles, to be Capt. v. Brevet-Maj. B. Fox, who exch.; lieut. H. A. Cumberlege to be Capt. by pur. v. Jackson, who retires; Ens. G. L. Maddison to be lieut. by pur. v. Cumberlege; Gent. Cadet N. H. Shute, from the Ryl. Mil. Coll. to be Ens. by pur. v. Maddison.—71st Ft.: W. S. Prince, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Scudamore removed to the 29th Ft.—73d Ft.: Capt. B. Brown, from the h.-p. unattached, to be Capt. v. Dawson, pro.—86th Ft.: lieut. W. H. Woodgate to be Capt. without pur. v. Ratray, dec.; Ens. and Adj. J. Boyd to have the rank of lieut.; Ens. J. Jerome to be lieut. v. Woodgate; Ens. F. R. Creed to be lieut. without pur. v. Stuart, dec.—To be Ens. without pur. G. W. Robinson, Gent. v. Creed; J. R. Stuart, Gent. v. Jerome.—93d Ft.: Sergt. Maj. D. Sinclair to be Quar.-mstr. v. G. Macdonald, who retires upon h.-p.—97th Ft.: lieut. I. Moore to be Capt. without pur. v. Craigie dec.

Unattached—Lieut. B. Brown, from the 73d Ft. to be Capt. without pur. Brevet—Capt. G. Jackson, of the 64th Ft. to be Maj. in the Army.

**Memorandum.**—The commission of Lieut. R. Hawkes, in the 4th Ft. has been dated 8th July 1837, in order to place him in his original position in that corps. **OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Mar. 21.**—Ordnance Medical Department—Assist.-Surg. J. E. T. Parratt to Surg.

**Admiralty, March 16.**—Royal Marines: Sec. lieut. J. Roberts, to be First lieut., vice G. S. P. Baker, dec.; Gent. Cadet C. J. Ellis to be Sec. lieut. v. Roberts, prom.

**War-Office, March 29.**—1st Regt. of Life Gds.—Coronet and Sub-Lieut. R. Sutton, to be lieut., by pur., v. Clifton, who retires; G. V. Dupplin, to be cornet and sub-lieut., by pur., v. Sutton. 2d Drags.—F. U. Graham, gent., to be cornet, by pur., v. Pilgrim, who rets. Coldstream Regt. of Ft. Gds.—Lt. and Capt. G. Drummond, to be capt. and lieut.-col., by pur., v. the Hon. J. Hope, who rets.; Ensign and Lieut. T. M. Steele, to be lieut. and capt. by pur., v. Drummond; Ensign Sir G. F. R. Walker, Bart., from 26th Foot, to be ens. and lieut., by pur., v. Steele. 4th Regt. of Ft.—G. Collins, gent., to be ensign, without pur., v. Smith, dec. 12th Ft.—Ens. W. E. Crofton, to be adj. v. Hamley, prom. 18th Ft.—Serg.-Maj. E. Jones, to be ensign, without pur., v. Tritton, appt. to the 23d Ft. 21st Ft.—Asst.-Surg. A. C. Webster, from the 41st Ft., to be asst.-surg., vice Hart, who exchs. 23d Ft.—Second Lt. F. E. Campbell, to be first lieut., by pur., v. Blackett, who rets.; Ens. F. B. Tritton, fm. 18th Ft., to be second lieut., without pur.; the Hon. W. M. Plunkett, to be second lieut., by pur., v. Campbell. 28th Ft.—To be lieuts. without pur.—Ens. S. Read, v. Stuart, prom.; Ens. J. D. Malcolm, v. Webb, app. adj. To be ensigns, without pur.—Serg.-Maj. J. Marshall, of the 28th Regt., vice Read. J. V. Ellis, gent., vice Malcolm. 31st Ft.—To be lieuts., without pur.—Ens. T. Scarman, fm. the 39th Ft., v. Frend, prom. in 21st Ft.; Ens. H. W. J. Gray, from the 50th Ft., v. Bourke, dec. 39th Ft.—J. R. S. Fitzgerald, gent., to be ens., without pur., v. Scarman, prom. in the 31st Ft. 40th Ft.—Ens. S. Snelling, to be lieut., without pur., v. Wakefield, prom. in the 28th Ft.; R. S. Payne, gent., to be ens., without pur., v. Snelling. 41st Ft.—Asst.-Surg. C. Hart, from 21st Ft., to be asst.-surg., vice Webster, who exchs. 44th Ft.—Lt. J. C. L. Carter, to be capt., without pur., vice Brevet-Maj. J. Johnson, who rets. upon full-pay; Ens. J. Bradley, to be lieut., vice Carter; Ens. E. Walter, to be lieut., by pur., v. Hackett, who rets.; W. Parker, gent., to be ens. v. Bradley; Hon. C. W. H. Agar, to be ens., by pur. vice Walter. 45th Ft.—Capt. D. Brown, from h.-p. 1st Garrison Battalion, to be capt., v. P. P. Nott, who exchs.; Lt. G. A. L. Blenkinsopp, to be capt., by pur., v. Brown, who rets.; Ens. R. Miller, to be lieut., by pur., v. Blenkinsopp; G. Coxon, gent., to be ens., by pur., v. Miller. 47th Ft.—Capt. J. W. Collins, from 78th Foot, to be captain, vice Elrington, who exchanges. 48th Foot—Ensign W. Fetherston, to be lieutenant, by purchase, vice Tobin, who retires; W. Harman, gent., to be ensign, by purchase, vice Fetherston. 49th Foot: Major R. Hunt, from 57th Foot, to be lieut.-colonel, without pur. vice G. Pasley, who retires upon full-pay; Major T. S. Reynolds, to be lieut.-col., without pur. v. R. Hunt, who rets. upon full-pay; Brevet Maj. D. M'Andrew, to be Major, vice Reynolds; Lt. J. Ramsay, to be Capt. v. M'Andrew. 50th Ft.: J. Purcell, Gent., to be Ens. without pur. v. Gray, prom. to 31st Ft. 52d Foot—Lt. H. D. Carden, to be adjutant, vice Brownrigg, prom. 57th Foot—Capt. T. Shadford, to be maj., without purchase, vice Hunt, promoted in the 49th Foot; lieut. W. J. M'Carthy, to be captain, vice Shadford; Ens. J. E. D. M'Carthy, to be lieut., vice J. W. M'Carthy; W. T. Potts, Gent., to be ensign, without purchase, vice M'Carthy. 59th Foot—C. S. Baker, Gent., to be ensign, without purchase, vice Cox, removed to the 62d Regiment. 62d Foot—Ensign E. S. Harrison, to be lieut., without purchase, vice Jackson, prom. Ens. R. Cox, from 59th Foot, to be Ens., vice Harrison. 72d Foot—Ens. R. M. Lucas, to be lieut., by purchase, vice Cole, prom. in 1st West India Reg.; Ens. L. Newman, from 67th Foot, to be ens., without purchase; W. Bertram, Gent., to be ens., by purchase, vice Lucas. 78th Foot—Capt. T. W. Elrington, from 57th Foot, to be capt., vice Collins, who exchanges. 79th Foot—H. A. Murray, Gent., to be ens., by purchase, vice Borthwick, who retires. 90th Foot—W. L. Braybrooke, Gent., to be ens., without purchase, vice Suckling, promoted in 1st West India Reg. 96th Foot—C. O. E. Wilmot, Gent., to be ens., without purchase, vice Bruce, deceased. 1st West India Reg.—Capt. T. Armstrong, from half-pay 98th Foot, to be capt., vice Doran, appointed paymaster of the 79th Foot; lieut. C. A. H. Rumbold, from 21st Foot, to be capt., by purchase, vice Armstrong, who retires; Ens. H. J. Suckling, from the 20th Foot, to be lieut., without purchase, vice Paton, appointed to the 91st Foot. Ceylon Rifle Reg.—Lieut. H. J. Suckling, from 1st West India Reg., to be lieut., vice Hodges, promoted.

**BREVET.**—Capt. D. Brown, of the 46th Foot, to be major in the army; Capt. T. Armstrong, of the 1st West India Reg., to be major in the army.

**Staff.**—Col. Sir R. H. Sale, G. C. B., of the 13th Foot, to be quartermaster-general to the Queen's troops serving in the East Indies, vice Col. Churchill, killed in action.

**Memorandum.**—The name of the staff assistant-surg. appt. on the 15th inst. is Willes, not Willis, as previously stated.

**War Office, April 1.**—The Rev. G. B. Gleig, Chaplain of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to be Principal Chaplain to the Forces, vice the Rev. W. W. Dakins, D.D. who rets.; the Rev. R. W. Browne, M. A. to be Chaplain to troops stationed in London.

## Miscellaneous Articles.

## SINGING AT SIGHT.

We have often met with an imperfect version of the following anecdote, and we are inclined to think that few general readers are aware that its locality was Chester. We give it on the authority of Dr. Burney, in his "Sketch of the Life of Handel;"—"When Handel went through Chester, in his way to Ireland, this year, 1741, I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe over a dish of coffee, at the Exchange Coffee-house; for, being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester, which, on account of the wind being unfavourable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music-master, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing at sight; as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. At this time, Harry Alcock, a good player, was the first violin at Chester, which was then a very musical place; for, besides public performances, Mr. Prebendary Prescott had a weekly concert, at which he was able to muster eighteen or twenty performers, gentlemen and professors. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah, "And with his stripes we are healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great bear upon him; and after swearing in four or five languages, cried out in broken English, "You schauentrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?"—"Yes, sir," says the printer, "and so I can; but not at first sight."

## THE SICK IN CIRCASSIA.

Physicians are not wanting in the country; there are both Turks and Circassians; the first, ignorant as they are everywhere, combine the grossest superstition with unskilfulness; they have no other remedies than verses of the Koran, to apply to the diseased. The Circassians pursue a more reasonable plan; they use herbs, butter, wax, honey, and bleeding. They employ the latter, especially, for affections of the head; they make an incision with a cutting-iron in the painful part, and stop the bleeding with nettles or cotton. They are particularly successful in curing wounds, for which they only use vegetable substances; but the ceremonial which accompanies the treatment of the wounded is somewhat curious. The patient is laid in a separate room; they place at the foot of his bed, a ploughshare, a hammer, and a cup of water, in which he places a new-laid egg. The people who come to visit him, when entering, strike three blows of the hammer upon the ploughshare; and dipping their fingers in the water, they sprinkle him with it, at the same time praying that God will speedily restore him to health; they then range themselves round the chamber. He who accidentally seats himself in the place of the physician, pays him a forfeit; and these little presents are the principal emoluments of the son of Esculapius. It is usual to pass the whole night in the apartment of the invalid; the relations and friends take their supper with them, which, among other things, often consists of a sheep or a goat. Towards evening, the young people of both sexes repair to this assembly, with a flute, and an instrument much resembling a lute. The boys place themselves on one side of the chamber, and the girls on the other; they commence with a warlike song, of which the accompanying words are in praise of valour; the girls then dance around. The instrumentalists then play for some time; and they conclude, before supper, with the recital of some fable. As soon as supper is removed, they play at different trifling games; and the last is that of fastening a pack-thread to the ceiling, and tying to the end of it a kind of flat cake or biscuit, which the young people throw to one another, and try to catch with their teeth; so that frequently the game does not end without some of them being broken. Thus the first night is spent, without venturing to go to sleep, for which he would be reproached. The sick person does not appear to be at all incommoded by the noise; whether he fears to expose his weakness, whether the warlike songs reanimate his courage, or whether, in short, the scene of gaiety before him acts as a soother of his pain: certain it is, that he appears insensible to it, and that the show of hardness which he makes does not in the least prejudice his recovery.

Journal of the Asiatic Society.

## A STRANGE VOW.

A singular instance of Hindoo devoteism—a Brahmin from the north—has visited these parts, and is now on his way to Cape Comorin, if he has not already reached it. He rolls himself over and over on the bare ground, about three or four miles each day, on his way to the above-mentioned place; and it is said that he has travelled in this manner all the way from Benares, in doing which he has consumed nine years and three months. He sets out at dawn, with thick clothes tied round his body and temples; and having reached the village fixed upon, he performs his devotions, and spends the rest of the day with his family, who travel with him in bullock-carts. He is famed, as he rolls along, by his son, a youth of ten or twelve years of age; while the musicians of the village which he leaves, or of that to which he is going, accompany him with music and shouting: thousands of people gazing with admiration upon his progress, and applauding him as "a great soul"—a most religious man. When he comes to a tank, or river, or other places which he cannot cross by rolling on the ground, he walks through them; and, on the other side, rolls the same distance along the bank, and back again. When he reaches Cape Comorin, he is to set a plantain, and wait there till he offers the fruit of it to the deity whom he worships; after which, he is to roll back again to Benares, on the other side of the Ghauts. He is a stout man, of about 40 years of age, and is said to be not much injured by his devoteism. The act, instead of being regarded as a waste of time and labour, is praised by the Hindoos, generally, as an evidence of the highest wisdom and magnanimity; and yet some of them, enlightened probably by Christianity, regard it as folly; unless, indeed, which is not certain, he drives a splendid profit from it in the offerings of the people. Certain it is that his family maintain a most respectable appearance; but it is said that he was a man of property before he set out on his strange pilgrimage. Many will, probably, consider this an instance of mistaken piety; but the real cause of it being known, will perhaps explain most other instances of Hindoo devotion. It appears he had no child; and, being unable to bear this evil—which the Hindoos ascribe to the sins of a former birth—made a vow to his god that, if he would grant him a son, he would undertake the penance which he is now performing. A son was born to him—the same who fans him as he rolls along. It is said, but this is probably a

tale, that he did not at once begin his vow, in consequence of which the child became blind; and that, when he set about his undertaking, a restoration of the child's sight was granted by the deity. Perhaps the business is tolerably pleasant to the man by this time, accompanied, as he is, by pomp and praise; but, even if it were not, his fear of losing the child, by the anger of the god, would be sufficient to keep him faithful to his promise.

Pettit's Indian Journal.

## "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's; and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds; and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces; and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance; but, pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manoeuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone: then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the well-known ballad now alluded to. He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table; when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of his solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well known ballad,

"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower."

to the great delight of his fair auditors. It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening, he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies; and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again.

Thomas Haynes Bayly's Songs and Ballads.

## ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

On Tuesday last the St. George's Society of this city celebrated the anniversary of the day dedicated to their Patron Saint, after the usual fashion; a splendid dinner was provided for them by Messrs. Colman and Stetson of the Astor Hotel, to which a large assemblage did the honour it deserved. What that desert was may be understood, when it is stated that it consisted of all the delicacies of the season, served up in capital style, and was accompanied by wines that would do honour to any cellar in the world. The Dining Room was elegantly decorated, under the superintending care of the Stewards, and presented an elegant and imposing appearance; those gentlemen had likewise provided a most excellent band (Dodworth's) who from time to time regaled all musical ears with strains executed in masterly style. The occasion had likewise the advantage of being assisted by the voluntary aid of Messrs. Brough, Loder, Massett, and Maynard, who occasionally obliged the company with their vocal strains. W. D. Cuthbertson, Esq., the newly-elected President, took the head of the table a little before seven o'clock; he was supported on the right and left by C. Faber, Esq., President of the German Society, Simeon Draper, Esq., President of the New England Society, Anthony Barclay, Esq., H.B.M. Consul in New York, Adolphus F. Gifford, Esq., a son of the celebrated *Litterateur*, Joseph Fowler, Esq., Ex-President of the Society, Dr. Manley, President of the Knickerbocker Society, T. C. Grattan, Esq., H.B.M. Consul at Boston, His Honor the Recorder of New York, Hon. S. S. Phelps, Senator of Vermont, Rev. Messrs. Jones and Choules, Charles Edwards, Esq., Ex-President of the Society, and Robert Bage, Esq., the Treasurer. At the other extremes of the social board were John Taylor, Jun., and Henry Jessop, Esqs., the senior and junior Vice-Presidents. The Stewards, to whose liberal offices the company were so much indebted for the arrangements and provision of this magnificent banquet, were Septimus Crookes, Joseph Harvey, James Owen, and Richard Clarke, Esqs.—the last of whom, however, was obliged to delegate his office to Henry Owen, Esq., the Secretary, in consequence of a domestic calamity.

Of the excellence of the banquet the guests gave proof that was anything but equivocal, for John Bull is an excellent trencherman when the viands are good and well cooked. When the cloth was withdrawn, "Non nobis Domine" was sung by the gentlemen who kindly volunteered their vocal aid; after which the President, W. D. Cuthbertson, Esq., commenced the other solemnities of the day, as follows:—

Brothers of St. George and Gentlemen,—

In rising to address you from your Presidential Chair, I feel myself totally inadequate to return you thanks in terms sufficiently appropriate for the very great honour you have conferred upon me. It is an honour, Gentlemen, that I never can sufficiently appreciate; but whilst I thus rejoice in the proud situation, it is not without considerable regret that I feel myself placed, by your kindness, in a position to do the duties of which I know I am quite incapable. However, Gentlemen, you having so kindly thought otherwise, all I can say is, that whatever I may lack in ability, I will endeavour to make up in zeal; and I trust when the time shall arrive for my successor to take possession of this Chair, you will view any errors I may have committed as having emanated from the head rather than from the heart, and that as honour has been conferred upon me by the appointment, I shall not have detracted from the dignity of the office.



This is a day to which every Englishman looks forward; it is a glorious day for Old England's Sons. It is a day on which we all anticipate much pleasure, and I am confident you will always continue to cherish its recollections with fondness.

I shall now proceed to our regular standing toasts, and they are of such an inspiring nature to all true Englishmen that they will require very little preface, merely observing, that after being announced from the Chair, they will be repeated by 1st and 2d Vice-Presidents.

1st. "The Day and all who honour it—St. George and Merry England."—(Drank with enthusiasm). Music—Grand March.

I told you, when giving the last toast, that it required very little preface; that which I am now about to propose requires—*none whatever*; it is John Bull's toast all the world over.

2d. "The Queen, God bless her."—(Nine times nine, and *one more*). The National Anthem, sung by Messrs. Brough, Massett, Loder, and Maynard, with chorus by the whole assembled company.

3d. "The Prince of Wales."—(Great cheering).

You drank with such enthusiasm the toast to our beloved Queen, that I am sure you will be equally liberal to one that must be first in her affections.

4th. "Prince Albert and the Royal Family."

The next toast that will claim your attention is one to which I am sure I need not request the honours.

5th. "The President of the United States."—(This toast was honoured with an enthusiasm which defies description. The company seemed emulous in testifying their respect for the government and authorities of the country in which all were residing, and the plaudits lasted for several minutes.) Music—Hail Columbia.

The Recorder of the city then rose and introduced the Hon. Senator Phelps, of Vt., who responded to the toast last given.

Mr. Phelps said "he was not used to addressing an audience upon such occasions; but he begged to be permitted to say, that it was with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction that he had witnessed the warm devotion with which the sentiment that had been proposed had been received. It was a national tribute to the native land of those who had honored it. (Applause.) For the man who has no attachment to the land of his birth, has no soul. (Cheers.) And find him where you will, in whatever quarter of the earth he may be located, if he carry not with him a warm and sincere devotion to his native soil, he cannot be a valuable member of that which he adopts. (Great applause and cheers.)

Mr. P. said that it had never been his good fortune to cross the ocean; he had been born and nurtured among the free hills and rocks of New England; yet it gave him the greatest satisfaction to see the demonstrations of feeling he had alluded to. And I, too, have the same veneration for the region in which I was born. (Cheers.) God forbid it should ever be otherwise! If ever that time should come, it can come only with the loss of my own self-respect. [Hear! hear! Cheers and applause.]

Next in order to the country of our nativity, is and ought to be the country of our adoption: attachment to the one will ever carry with it attachment to the other. If, following the dictates of his own judgment he chooses to attach himself to another country, he carries with him the same principles of patriotism and loyalty that characterised him at home. And this, sir, brings me to notice the compliment paid upon this occasion to the Chief Magistracy of my country. (Cheers.) It animated me with a thousand emotions, when proposed. The President of the United States is the head of this government, and I remember, when hearing him thus alluded to, without any other feelings, that he is the representative of the sovereignty, freedom, and independence of this great Republic. [Loud and warm cheering.]

And I will go a step farther, sir; and will say that in my view the true moral to be drawn from the manifestation of such a sentiment, and from the way in which it was received, is oblivion to every thing like national prejudices between the two countries. [Hear! Hear!] In my short experience in this world, I have seen enough to convince me that it is, indeed, but a little mind, that can suffer itself to be led away by local or national prejudices. [Great applause.]

The time emphatically demands the abandonment of all such, and to induce us to do justice to patriotism and devotion to country wherever we find it; and never to deny it wherever we feel it to be one. We may differ on questions of incidental policy, but experience shows the necessity of keeping aloof from all deep seated prejudices, of a national or local character. (Cheers.) Mr. President, as the only person present connected in any way with the government of this country, I tender to you, as natives of England, my thanks for the sentiments of high respect you have so warmly expressed towards the institutions of your adoption and of my nativity." (And Mr. Phelps sat down amid the warmest applause.)

The President continued—

The absence, on this occasion, of either a soldier or sailor of Old England we very much regret; it almost makes us wish that the latter had even been driven into the port by "stress of weather;" however, the want of their presence will not lessen our ardour or recollection of them.

6th. "The United Services."—Rule Britannia. Sung by Messrs. Massett, Loder, and Maynard.

Mr. Barclay then informed the President that a gentleman was present who has held a commission in the British service in various quarters of the globe, and that he ought to be called on to respond to the sentiment.

Adolphus F. Gifford, Esq., (the gentleman referred to) then rose and said: Gentlemen—It will be quite unnecessary for me to say that I had not the least expectation of being called on to speak on this occasion, for I had no idea that an humble Lieutenant would escape his usual good fortune of being overlooked—(A laugh.) However desirable distinguished rank may be in our service, a subaltern situation has one advantage particularly serviceable at this moment—with a very small commission, only a very small speech is necessary—(Roars of laughter.) You will hardly expect me even to allude to the service of which I was an humble member. Should I draw your attention to the annals of its glories, the time allotted to all the toasts to be given on this occasion would not enable me even to glance at them—(Cheers.) I will, therefore, say nothing more than to re-echo the sentiment so well illustrated by the eloquence of the Senator from Vermont, and emulating all the feeling—the kindly feeling with which he expressed it, and that good disposition which should exist between those from the old and the new country—[Cheers.] Let me express, in conclusion, the fervent hope that in whatever quarter of the globe the British arms may be extended, I may never live to see the day when they shall reap any glory in this country—(Loud and enthusiastic cheering.)

The President proceeded—

In my last toast we drank the health of England's brave men, let us now do the like honours to the Western continent.

7th. "The Army and Navy of the United States."—(Great cheering). Music—The Star-Spangled Banner.

With our last two toasts we have been on the Ocean and in the Tented Field; we will now turn to Diplomacy, for the acts of the latter, judiciously exercised, renders the services of our warriors a dead letter, and long may it so continue.

8th. "His Excellency Richard Pakenham, Esq., and her B. M. Representatives in this country."

The British Consul, Anthony Barclay, Esq., replied to the foregoing toast as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—It is a surprise to me to be called upon on this occasion. I feel most highly complimented in having myself connected, in the toast you have just given, with her Majesty's Minister at Washington. I may say of the position in which you have placed me,

"Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo."

But I mistake, Mr. President; on your left hand I see a Brother Consul, who is my senior, physically as well as officially. On him should devolve the duty of speaking—one so easy and agreeable to him—in reply to you. The honour you have done me individually, Mr. President and Gentlemen, by the toast, (much as I value it, and that of your invitation to me to attend as a guest at the festive board of your Anniversary, where I might appear as a member,) you will permit me to despatch cursorily, but not on that account with the less appreciation on my part. I heartily thank you, trusting that in my hitherto short career, in the public function I now exercise, I have merited no reproach, unless from those who consider Fidelity a frailty.

It is a more agreeable duty for me to acknowledge your favourable sentiment towards the Queen's Representative at Washington. The high extraction of that gentleman, not the less acceptable on that account in his mission, although to *Republicans*, is a good guarantee. Englishmen may remain tranquil, while the honour of their country and their own interests are in the keeping of His Excellency Richard Pakenham. Possessed of manners affable and bland, he cannot fail to recommend himself to the free, friendly, open-hearted people of these United States in his ordinary intercourse, while Candour in his public functions will court a reciprocity of that most exalted, yet most rare, of diplomatic accomplishments. The career of Webster and Ashburton may lead us to hope that their splendid example of reciprocal frankness, resulting in vast reciprocal benefit to both their countries, the benefit to be prized beyond all others—the benefit of honourable Peace—may, by a second instance, in negotiation between our present Minister and the high-minded Statesman now directing the foreign relations of this great Confederacy, establish a new principle in the settlement of international claims—that even among Diplomats—at least between those of Great Britain and the United States—the golden rule of Old England shall henceforth prevail, that—*"Honesty is the best Policy."*

Permit me, Mr. President, to offer as a toast—"The candid Negotiators, Ashburton and Webster."

The President then said—

This is not the first time, by many, that our festive board has been graced by the presence of the City authorities; we have at all times found them most willing to mix with us, with cordial and friendly feelings; therefore, having laid aside our Military, Naval, and Diplomatic Corps, fill to

9th. "His Honor the Mayor and the Municipal Authorities of the City of New York."—(Three times three.)

The Recorder was grateful for the sentiment just drunk to the Municipality of the City. He regretted the absence of the Mayor, who, the Society well knew, was ever a great addition to the conviviality of the meetings of the Sons of St. George (cheers). His absence had devolved a duty upon him he was not able to discharge adequately. It was not surprising that Englishmen resident in New York should be attached to the place of their adoption. When he looked around him, and saw so many of them here, he felt gratified, nay, flattered by the partiality thus shown to New York; and he had ever a ready welcome on his lips for them all (applause). And why not? In this city, increasing every year in wealth and in enterprise, one half of the whole revenue of the country is collected, and nearly two-thirds of the whole commerce of the city is with Great Britain and her dependencies. It is very natural that such a kindly feeling should exist. He was delighted with the sentiment uttered by the gentleman who spoke on behalf of the British army, and he trusted that the day had arrived when the only emulation between the Representatives of the two countries would be which should do most towards conciliating all differences between them (protracted applause). The Recorder made a facetious allusion to the peculiar duties of his station, and said that they made him all the more delighted at finding himself in such good company. He then complimented the Association for its benevolence, to which he could bear cheerful and personal testimony, and sat down amidst most distinguished applause.

The President next introduced the 10th Standard toast as follows—

On looking around me, it is a source of great satisfaction to myself, and I am sure it must be to you also, to find so many representatives from our Sister Societies, like ourselves, striving all in their power for the only purposes their Societies were formed, namely, to relieve the distress of their countrymen, to support them in sickness, and to offer them advice.

10th. "Our Sister Societies."

The president of the German Society returned thanks on behalf of the Society which he represented. The Institutions of England had sprung from Germany, and while parent soil was barren and the tree had withered, the shoot had taken deep root in the soil of England, and now flourishes in all the strength of lory and universal admiration. The presence of so many of England's sons, awakened in his breast the most loyal attachment, and he would give as a sentiment "the health of Sir Robert Peel, the distinguished statesman who now fills so ably and with such honor the Premier's Chair." (Most enthusiastic cheering, which lasted for several minutes.)

Mr. Draper, as the representative of the New England Society, returned thanks very briefly for the compliment paid to the Society to which he belonged. He gave as a toast—"England and America—mother and daughter, connected by blood and language, may they ever unite in the promotion of liberal, enlightened, and charitable institutions throughout the world." Drank with enthusiasm.

Dr. Manly, as the President of the St. Nicholas Society, responded on behalf of the Society he represented. His remarks were in his usual vein of good humour, and genuine wit. He is a worthy representative of the fast-waning race of the Knickerbockers. He gave the following toast: "The land in which we live,—it was the land of our fathers, and our fathers were brothers of

St. George's Society—may their interest, duty and inclination always operate to keep the cousins friends."—Drank with loud cheers.

The 11th toast was thus introduced by the President—

I now propose to strike a chord which will vibrate in the breast of every Brother of St. George, and make the broad expanse of ocean vanish into "Imagination and a Name" alone; take us in an instant to the English Fireside, to the days of our boyhood.

11th. "Our Native Land."—(This was drunk with deafening plaudits; after which Mr. Brough favoured the company with the song of "My Boyhood's home," which he gave with great sweetness and feeling, and he was most warmly encored.)

Having so enthusiastically responded to the last toast, I am sure you, as true Englishmen, will not be ungrateful whilst we are enjoying the blessings of another clime. Ingratitude is not characteristic of our countrymen.

12th. "The Land we live in."—(Long and loud cheering.) Music—Yankee Doodle."

The President concluded the Standard Toasts with the following preface:—

The most important matters are very often the last attended to. I am sure it has been so on the present occasion; the only excuse I can offer is, that I wished the Toast I have now the honor to propose, should shew forth in bold relief, unalloyed by baser matter. Though it is our last Toast, it is the very first in our hearts. I shall not ask you for all the honors, because I know you will use your own discretion on the subject.

Fill your glasses to the brim, whilst we pledge to

13th. The Ladies.

For though they almost blush to reign,  
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,  
Disguise our bondage as we will,  
'Tis Woman, Woman, rules us still.

(This toast was received with acclamations, and a thunder of applause that might shake the very roof. Nine times nine "and three more," were given, after which followed the Glee of "Here's a health to all Good Lasses.")

The Standard Toasts being now concluded, the President rose and said—

I now claim the privilege of the Chair by proposing a toast on my own account, although it is as much on your account as my own, and I am sure you will admit it when I announce to you the same.

The Gentleman, whose name I shall present to you, is our friend—the firm friend of St. George's—he has served us faithfully on many occasions, and I am sure is ready at all times to fight for the cause of St. George. I am certain I do but echo your feelings when I state his conduct on all occasions has been most satisfactory, most honorable to this Society. I shall say no more, for I am sure you have already anticipated to whom I refer. Fill to the health, happiness, and prosperity of our late President, Joseph Fowler, Esq.

As soon as the loud and protracted cheers which succeeded this Toast had subsided, Mr. Joseph Fowler rose, and, with obvious emotion, made the following address:—

Mr. President,—In rising to acknowledge the kind tribute which you have paid me, as your official Predecessor—and in returning thanks to my brother members for the flattering manner in which they have received and echoed this tribute—I must take care that my too excited but grateful feelings lead me not so far astray as to entangle me in the meshes of egotism. Not that I dread what may happen to me within the precincts of our Society, but the winged arrows have been flying fast from without, and although none of them have, as yet, pierced me quite through, I must be prepared to wear the cap whenever it may chance to fit.

No one can regret more sincerely than I do, that any necessity should have arisen for the rupture (and temporary I am sure it will prove) of a single link in the chain of that social and charitable alliance which the St. George's Society was the first to suggest and to establish among her Sister Institutions, and yet I am unable, nor shall I pretend to offer, to those I have offended, any further vindication of my conduct as your Presiding Officer than that of declaring, that in all my proceedings I have tried to be consistent—in all my intents I have been honest and conscientious—and if they did not always turn out for the best, I never dreamt of having the satisfaction denied to me, which my inward conviction afforded, that I earnestly meant all for the best—[Overwhelming Cheers.]

That I have labored assiduously to carry out the benevolent and laudable objects of our Society, I need not and will not deny. But, Gentlemen, long as I have served you, how little should I as your President, have been able to accomplish, without your active, willing, and unvarying co-operation.—[Cheers.]

And pray do not think, because my official ties to this Society, in opposition to your oft repeated wishes, are once more sundered, that I have any intention of repeating that individual union which for so many years has tended to promote and increase our own happiness by the joint and brotherly efforts we have made to contribute to the relief and happiness of our distressed countrymen.—[Cheers.] If I ever have played the Tyrant, remember, Gentlemen, that the remedy was in your hands, for it was only by your unvarying kindness that I acquired and retained distinction amongst you, and you know also that those who attain greatness are very apt to exercise its fullest prerogatives. It is one of those weaknesses incidental to human nature, against which it is in vain for argument and philosophy to contend. After all, and however great my despotism may have been, you perceive I have not been able to keep back another and more worthy candidate from crowding upon my heels! Before this day's meridian I was a PRESIDENT, and now what am I but a simple Ez. Sic transit, &c. Excuse me, Gentlemen, I had forgotten, I am a double Ez.—[Laughter and great applause.]

And now, Mr. President, you must allow me to congratulate you upon the high station you have attained. Not only have you this day been dubbed a Knight of St. George, but by your able and dignified conduct in the Chair, you have already "won your spurs."—[Loud Cheers.]

To my brother members I now bid an official farewell, but I cannot do so without acknowledging the deep sense I entertain of the honor of that unqualified approbation of my conduct, which, in my absence, and at their last regular Meeting, they were pleased to express, and, by Resolutions, unanimously to adopt. Those complimentary Resolutions have been duly transmitted to me by the Secretary, and I shall cherish them as the highest reward I could have received for the humble efforts I have made to further the objects, and to uphold the social and benevolent character of our venerable society.—[Loud and reiterated Cheers.]

I am delighted, Mr. President, to see seated near you a distinguished native of old Ireland—for dear to us is our Sister Isle—and cordially do we welcome her warm-hearted and truly gifted Sons.

Our guest is one who has touchingly and beautifully beguiled us through the "highways and bye-ways" of life—and to whose genius and virtues none can

wish to pay a more willing or more grateful tribute than the Sons of St. George. I propose to them therefore the health and happiness of T. C. Grattan, Esq., our welcome and distinguished Guest.

This Toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr. GRATTAN on rising to reply, was received with great enthusiasm. He said—I can truly say, that I am sure you will believe me, that I feel considerable embarrassment in replying to the very unexpected honour just done me by the esteemed gentleman who last addressed you. I had supposed that would have concluded by offering some sentiment in which I could have joined as heartily as I have in those before given, and which would not have required any words from me. But as in appending my name to his excellent speech, he has thought proper and done me the honour to tack the announcement, hardly necessary to many present, that I am a son, an unworthy son of old Ireland, I feel called on to say something in allusion to it more than I would otherwise be inclined to do. However, I shall first thank you most cordially for the honour paid me, and for the manner in which the toast was received, which I do thus briefly, and in the quiet and easy manner which is in accordance with the temper and habits of the age in which we have the good fortune to live. (A laugh.) There was, indeed, a time when, under other influences and other habits, I might perhaps have been disposed, in the good old Irish fashion, had it been a simple sentiment proposed instead of a toast to my honour, to have filled a second bumper, and invited the company to follow my bad example, and proposed "one," "two," or perhaps "three cheers more," in fact, to do it with more than all the honours—but Ireland is the only place where that operation could be performed. (Laughter.) In fact this was so much the custom in my country, that as an illustration of it I may mention a way with which an old and excellent acquaintance of mine, who was called "jovial Jack Butler," (a laugh) received an invitation to drink wine. If a gentleman asked him—"Mr. Butler, will you do me the honour of drinking a glass of wine?" Jack's invariable reply was—"Two if you please sir." (Roars of laughter.)

But, sir, we have fallen upon other, and, let us hope, better days. We ought to be temperate and prudent in all things, and from all appearances before me I can see from the quantity of empty or half emptied bottles on the table, that if temperance were banished from all other parts of the earth, order and sobriety would still be the rules of this Society. (Laughter.) Yes, sir, we must not only be temperate in drinking wine, but we must not let our emotions or passions now-a-days, any more than our drinks, be too strongly mixed or too exuberant. (Laughter.) We cannot at all follow in the way of jovial Jack Butler and his duplicate enjoyments. (Laughter.) Even gratitude cannot be double distilled: and we must treat ardent feeling, almost in the manner we are in the habit of treating ardent spirits—that is, throw cold water on it, to make it brighter and purer—I hope—although less potent than it used to be. (Laughter and cheers.) For my own part I am well disposed to bow to general practice, but you know that to all general rules there must be an exception, and there is one which I am disposed to make, let others do what they will. I am determined that I will have no half measures—no moderation—no limitation of indulgence in expressing the pleasure I feel in spending this evening with this company. (Loud cheering.) I have been longing for the arrival of this day, for I anticipated a repetition of that kind summons which has been sent to me year after year, and which it has so seldom been in my power to accept. But this time I was resolved I should not be disappointed, and when I received a letter from your worthy Secretary, asking me to come and spend a day with you, I only regretted that I had not the privilege of my honest friend Jack Butler, of replying "Two if you please, sir." (Loud laughter and cheers.) In truth I can't help lamenting that this day comes but once a year. Had your Patron Saint had the good luck to have been born on the other side of his own channel, it might have happened otherwise. (Laughter.) You laugh—I don't mean to say St. Patrick had the advantage of two birth days, but we have a way in Ireland of working, what would have been deemed a miracle in any other part of the world, and we do it in this way. We turn the day into night, and push the night so far into the next morning, that we have the twofold satisfaction of cheating Time while we kill him, and giving St. Patrick the benefit of a double anniversary. (Roars of laughter.) From the symptoms I see around me, I shouldn't be at all surprised if some of the present company would make a very fair offer in the way of performing the same sort of miracle on this occasion. (Renewed laughter.)

But, however that may be, we have had a merry meeting, and may well live on its recollection for at least twelve months to come. (Loud cheers.) And well it is that we are in the habit of holding these anniversaries. Well it is that we give ourselves a holiday—a real holiday once in the year. (Cheers.) When every thing else but social enjoyment is excluded—when all subjects that can possibly create the slightest political or religious sentiment of dissent—(tremendous applause—it drowned the rest of the sentence.) That is the way in which it was intended that these festivals should be kept—festivities sacred to good fellowship and the most ennobling sentiments of benevolence.—(Loud applause.) I came here to spend the day, and I hope a great part of the night in this spirit. I came here let me say, as a subject of the British crown, (cheers.) to celebrate with my fellow-countrymen this day and join with them in love of that country, and loyalty to its sovereign, those sister islands whose connexion and dependencies make the proudest empire in the world.—(Loud cheers.) I need not repeat that I am before all things an Irishman. (Cheers.)

Born and bred, in heart and soul, an Irishman—loving the land of my birth better than all other parts of the world put together. I have English blood, too in my veins; for my family after all was but a graft on the Irish stock—but identified with the land for generations—and I trust that succeeding generations that bear my name will prove as truly faithful and patriotic to our common country as the generation that has passed, and as that which now exists would wish to prove itself to be. (Loud applause.) But I maintain that the most ardent love for Ireland is by no means incompatible with attachment to England. (Cheers.) God forbid that it should be, for I can see no hope of happiness, of greatness for either country, without that mutual attachment. (Cheers.) It is not for me to speak at any time, and on this occasion it would be peculiarly indiscreet to allude in any way to legislative enactments or constitutional forms, or any of those methods by which the two countries are united together. It is enough for me to know that Providence has placed the sister islands in the same sea—literally twin-sisters reposing quietly in the same bed—(loud applause)—warmed by the same atmosphere—washed by the same waters—showing the same natural features, and proving in every thing their consanguinity. (Loud cheers.) I have said much more than I had the slightest idea of saying. ("Go on"—go on.") No I think I had better stop. (Laughter and cheers.) I can say no more if I would continue for an hour, but that I look to the attachment between the two countries—the connexion intended by nature and Providence to exist between them to the latest times—to that I look for the future happiness and prosperity of both!



If I did not I would be the first Irishman to say—dissever the connexion—(Cheers.) Because I love Ireland, and because I esteem England, I know that that connexion is essential to both. It is very true, and I am sure I may say it even here, that one of those twin-sisters is a bit bigger and stronger than the other, and that that strength and that size have been at times used sorely to beat the weaker. (Cheers.) But all this took place in the cradle—they have now come to the years of discretion, and this kicking and scratching is given over. (Cheers and laughter.)

They now reason and argue, and perhaps dispute, with each other, now and then. But I cannot help seeing, in all this agitation, the prospect of brighter days for Ireland, as the process of mutual appreciation goes on. But only in connexion with England, of whose prosperity and greatness she forms an integral part (cheers.) Mr. G. then again expressed his thanks for the honour done him, and sat down amid loud cheers.

John Taylor, Jr., 1st Vice President, gave the following toast,—  
"The Rose, The Thistle, The Shamrock, and the Leek."—May our country ever be distinguished like the first, for the odour and loveliness of national good faith; like the second, for her indomitable and intangible character; like the third for the union of her several parts to one stem—and like the fourth for her acceptable savour when she forms a part in general sustenance and support.

This toast was warmly received by the company; after which Henry Jessop, Esq., 2d Vice President, gave  
"The Wise, The Brave, and The Good of all Nations."—The beauty of Providence is herein most clearly displayed, that every country has its true and happy boast of a liberal share of such characters as these. [Loud and continued cheering.]

A Stranger now rose, and after telling a long story about what he was pleased to call *The Rebellion in Upper Canada* in the winter of 1837, and of his own share in quelling it, proposed the health of "Sir Allan McNab," which we need hardly say was drunk with warmest and most cordial cheering.

The President then said,—We must not forget in the midst of our hilarity, that we have a most pleasant duty to perform towards those gentlemen who, with unwearied exertions, and untiring energy, have been the main spring of this evening's entertainment; their duties have been performed with a cheerfulness and urbanity perfectly delightful:—

"The Stewards of our 58th Anniversary." [Great cheering.]  
The following letters were received by the Secretary of the Society, from the distinguished gentlemen whose names are severally subscribed thereto.  
[Copy of a letter from his Excellency Richard Pakenham, Esq., H. B. M. Minister at Washington.

Washington, April 14, 1844.

To Henry Owen, Esq., Secretary of St. George's Society,  
Sir,—I have had the honour to receive your obliging letter of the 11th inst., enclosing an invitation to the forthcoming anniversary dinner of the St. George's Society.

I should be most happy to have the honour of meeting the President and Members of the Society on that occasion, but I regret to say that it is for the present quite out of my power to leave Washington.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obt. and humble servt.

R. PAKENHAM.

[Copy of letter from Hon. Daniel Webster.]  
Boston, 15th April, 1844.

Henry Owen, Esq., Secretary,  
Dear Sir,—I acknowledge, with many thanks, your letter transmitting an invitation to attend the Anniversary Dinner of the St. George's Society of New York on the 23d inst.

It would afford me true pleasure to be present, on this occasion, but I am quite afraid my engagements are such as will not allow me that gratification. With sincere good wishes for the charitable and excellent objects of the Society, and with personal regard, I am, dear sir, your obedient,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

At this stage of the proceedings the President retired, and the chair was taken by John Taylor, Jr., Esq., 1st Vice President.

The following are a few of the toasts which were afterwards given:—  
By Mr. Warner—"The Press."  
By a Stranger—"The Health of the Vice Presidents of this Society."  
Messrs. Taylor and Jessop severally returned thanks for the compliment in neat and brief speeches.  
By Mr. Upham—"The Members of the St. George's Society." Alike distinguished by their Benevolence as a body, and for their urbanity and gentlemanly deportment as private citizens.  
By Mr. Saml. J. W. Barry—"Old England."

"A Glory circles round thy name,  
Isle of the Brave and Free!  
There is no land that holds a claim  
Upon our hearts like thee!"

By Mr. A. D. Paterson—"The Duke of Wellington." [Prolonged cheers throughout the Room.]

During the remainder of the evening—perhaps we should rather say night—songs, glees, and social mirth prevailed. The first Vice President surrendered the chair to Henry Jessop, Esq., 2d V. P., and the latter kept up the cheerfulness of the party till a late, or more properly, early hour.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 1-2 a 8 3-4 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1844.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Publication Office of THE ANGLO AMERICAN has been removed to No 4 Barclay Street, (Astor Building). We would respectfully request that all letters, communications, and applications to us be made to that address from the time of this announcement.

\*. \* Subscribers in the city who are about to move are requested to hand in their new addresses as soon as possible, to prevent mistakes in the delivery of their copies.

By the Mail Steamer *Acadia*, we have English files to the 4th inst., inclusive; they are not interesting in point of importance, except in that which relates to the Cotton market, where the sales have greatly diminished, and the prices have considerably fallen.

Our anticipations with respect to the proposed reduction in the interest of the present 3½ Government Stocks have been realized. Out of nearly two hundred and fifty millions of those Stocks, the refusals of the diminished rate do not cover more than about twenty-five thousand, and we should not be surprised to find even that withdrawn before the day for paying off the dissentients.

Whenever we perceive great and beneficial changes take place in the condition of society, or given classes of society, through the interference of the legislature, we are sure to find them promoted and carried through by the aid of those who are commonly—but not properly—styled "men of one idea." Not to speak of many, such a man was Wilberforce; and to bring the remark home to present exigencies, such a man is Lord Ashley. His Lordship is truly a philanthropist, and having devoted his energies to a particular walk of good, he adheres thereto without deviation, contenting himself thus, without being otherwise prominently distinguished. In harmony with his benevolent labors with regard to work-people in the collieries are those in which he is now with equal zeal engaged with respect to factory labor and its consequences on those who are so employed under the existing system. The ministerial bill, in Committee, on the "Restriction of Labour in Factories," has undergone three warm and cogent arguments on both sides of the question, and those of Lord Ashley, who advocated an abridgement of the hours of labour, were well filled with Statistics shewing the numbers engaged, the daily ground which the persons were calculated to go over, the diseases and evils consequent on the peculiarities of circumstance attached to their work, and, more than all, the awfully demoralising effects of the present system. Now such statistics, if established on correct grounds, are in themselves unanswerable arguments, and such reports as to moral consequences, if notorious in themselves, as well as emanating from unquestionable authority, should be not only received with respect, but be gravely deliberated.

Sir James Graham took a very different view of the case, intimating his opinion that legislation in the matter would be injurious as much to the operative class as to the Mill owners, and even that short hours would in some cases be more injurious to health itself than long ones. He pointed out that there would necessarily be a diminution of wages at least correspondent to the abridgement of time, and likewise a diminution in the use and application of capital on the part of the employers. He deprecated also the interference of the legislature in such matters as the employment of the labourer's time, which ought to be left to his own discretion, and his own notions of what would be best for his own advantage.

In short the whole question has been handled in the most confused manner in the House of Commons, the several members speaking and voting rather with a view to conciliate their constituents than to discharge their consciences—supposing conscience to be more than a poetical imagining in the minds of politicians. This confusion is evident from the circumstance of the votes negating both sides of the argument, and from Sir James Graham consenting to withdraw his present Bill and bring in another.

But although we should be sorry to see fetters imposed on the freedom of action of any one as respects his time, abilities, and industry, it must not be forgotten that the uneducated and unthinking million, cannot safely be left altogether without restraints on their impulses, or even on their cupidity. It is highly probable that a nobleman of Lord Ashley's ideas and fine feelings will have taken all the pains in his power to make himself acquainted with the details of a subject he has so seriously at heart; and it is certain that the moral condition of the community will have some weight with him against the mere acquisition of emolument whether individually or nationally. But on the other hand it is difficult for one nursed in the lap of independence, and with the possession or the prospect of large landed estates and high rank, to enter into all the minute considerations which must occupy the attention of those whose emoluments arise from the labor of their hands, the resources of their talents or the employment of their capital. Though it may be well to keep these in salutary check, it may be both hard to curb and dangerous to restrict too closely the enterprising spirit and the vigorous exertion which these last mentioned classes are able to put forth. The eagerness for gain may be carried too far on one hand, but the fastidious spirit and the semi-acquaintance with actual facts may be quite as injurious on the other. It will be necessary to be prudent as well as kind, and on the whole, as there has been exhibited thus far so much clashing of opinion on this very interesting topic, it is well that the Bill is retired from debate, and that the parties commence again *de novo*, with a better understanding of the obstacles to be set aside, and the difficulties to be surmounted.

The popularity of Mr. O'Connell is evidently on the wane, even in Ireland. It has become the *policy*—a mistaken one, as such—of that gentleman to laud in unmeasured terms the *people* of England; and his Irish followers who erst have swelled his train with loud huzzas begin to fancy that he is pushing them from their places. Thus it is, with high and low; mankind are not able with patience to lose their estimated position, unless it be to a higher elevation. O'Connell does not cease the cry of Repeal, but it is neither so loud nor so reiterated as heretofore, and should he be sentenced severely, as is not improbable, and be unable to avert the sentence, he will at once be "fallen from his high estate," and remembered only as a desperate and ruinous agitator. An appeal to the Lords may be expected, as he has retained Sergeant Wilde and other able counsel for that purpose; but all the previous threats in this man's career have been so indifferently fulfilled, or have come to so poor an issue, that

we argue very little from this, and believe that the law will take its course with him, without any serious public disturbance. As for the revolution which he prophesies to take place after his death, it may please his imagination, but we do not think that he soberly believes it.

It is matter of much regret that incendiarism still continues its destructive work in one or two of the Eastern counties. This is the more to be deplored because the Ultra Anti-Leaguers are making capital out of it, broadly asserting that it arises from the pernicious opinions of the other side. But we remember, when the other side were in power, that one *Captain Swing* was playing the same kind of "tricks before high heaven," and who were to blame then? The same party, of course, we suppose; they being, in the eyes of their adversaries, such determined *destructives*, that whether in or out they find their best joys in general desolation. This is not candid; the ignorant and unthinking are apt to avenge themselves injuriously; and the best cure for such a line of conduct, is sound general education.

In Wales, matters are falling back into the deplorable condition they exhibited before the Commission. Either the government is slack in this matter, or the evils must be of a greater depth and more extensive magnitude than we have yet been able to understand, on this side of the water. Sir James Graham has not a bed of roses to repose upon just now, and it would not greatly surprise us, if he were measurably to cut politics. The Home Secretary at the present juncture should be a man of spirit, action, and determined perseverance; wanting any one of these qualities he will be compelled to succumb.

The news from Greece is of the most cheering description. The new Constitution has been promulgated; it was accepted and signed by the King on the 11th ult., and the rejoicings consequent thereon were brilliant and protracted. We have perused the Constitution in detail, in the *Athens Observer*, and perceive that it is a liberal one, founded in the most part upon the English principle. The law of succession is that of the usual line of primogeniture, without making any exceptions against female succession, though that is not alluded to; but in default of an heir as low as a third brother, a new King is to be elected, and the process is as follows: The citizens shall elect as many *Representatives* as there shall be members of both Chambers, and the whole thus doubled shall proceed to elect a new King, the choice being determined by a majority of two-thirds. The Senate are elected for life, the Chamber of Deputies for three years. The King can declare war, make treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce, and he is *Generalissimo* of the forces, and the fountain of honour. The Press is free, Slavery is forbidden, Money bills must be first voted in the Chamber of Deputies, the Greek Church is the dominant one, Greek citizens only are to hold office, and the Editors of the Press are to be citizens of the National Religion. In almost all the minor details the English rules prevail even to the internal regulations of the Chambers. The rejection of a bill by either of the Chambers or by the King, sets it aside during the existing session. Members receive salary during the sitting of the legislature.

The death of the King of Sweden, though an event to have been expected from the advanced age and late sickness of that prince, has caused a considerable sensation in Europe. Charles John (Bernadotte) was a permitted anomaly in the system of European legitimacy, but this he owed in a great measure to his natural good sense and his popularity in the country of his adoption, where he was afterwards called to rule. He was besides, exceedingly useful to the allied powers at the crisis which upset that of his ancient master, to the last of whom he owed little besides the jealousy which Napoleon entertained of his sagacity. He became so estimable in the eyes of the Swedes, that they ceased to remember his lowly origin or the foreign blood in his veins, and his son Oscar has now the opportunity of establishing the dynasty which his father planted. The new King was proclaimed on the 9th ult. with great marks of rejoicing. A brief memoir of the late King will be found in our columns to-day.

An interference has taken place in the Divan of a somewhat delicate nature. A person who had become a Mahomedan repented of his apostasy and retracted it; in consequence, and he being a Turkish subject, he was put to death agreeably to the laws of Turkey. The English and the French Ministers have remonstrated against this, and with justice, abstractedly considered; but this being an interference in internal government, a thing which the English Tories in particular have affected to reprobate, it comes with a bad grace, and in fact it amounts to an assertion that Turkey is not an independent government. We grant both the weakness and the barbarism of putting to death so imbecile a creature as one who changes from religion to religion, and having no rational foundation or belief, nevertheless this kind of interposition is one that should be managed with great delicacy, and never obtrusively.

The treaty of the annexation of Texas has been laid in before the Senate. This took place on the 22d inst., since which the subject has been under deliberation, and a great excitement prevails as to the result. That treaty was accompanied by a Message from the President. The general opinion seems to be that it will not pass the Senate. The Mexican Minister at Washington has suspended official intercourse whilst this matter is pending.

We learn with unfeigned regret that there have been serious tumults at Montreal on the occasion of the election of a Member to the Canadian Parliament for that place. It is stated that an immense number of laborers upon the Lachine Canal were engaged on the part of Mr. Drummond (one of the candidates) or his agents, for the purpose of obstructing the voters on the side of Mr. Molson, (the other candidate) in passing to the polling places. It is said that many of these men broke into the houses of the neighboring farmers and demanded their fire arms. They are then stated to have taken possession of every approach to the polls

and to have resolutely kept back every person who came to vote for Mr. Molson. In the course of this violence, which was continued during two days, one person is stated to have been mortally wounded, many others have had their clothes literally torn from their backs, and several have received much personal injury. Mr. Molson, at length, withdrew under a protest, and his antagonist has therefore been returned by the presiding officer; but it is not likely that the matter will rest thus. The Military were necessarily called in, which in all probability was the saving of many lives; but the case must have been severe indeed to call for such an interposition, for, ordinarily, it is forbidden by the law of Election for an military force to be stationed within a given distance from a place where an election is in procedure.

We have postponed, somewhat longer than we intended, to do justice to an excellent Hotel in Boston, called "The Perkins House," No. 19 Pearl Street, in that city; where the accommodations are of a very superior order, and the charges as moderate as any reasonable person could desire. It is extremely well frequented, and we believe that the French and Swedish Consuls have their abode there. The Proprietors are obliging in their deportment, and strangers will quickly find themselves at home there. We refer inquirers to the advertisement in our columns to-day.

#### ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK.

On Tuesday last, being St. George's day, the members of the Cricket Club bearing the name of the Saint, assembled on their ground to open the Season of Play. There was a good muster in the field, both of members and amateurs, by 12 o'clock, the newly elected President Henry Jessup, Esq., and the new Vice-President Thos. H. Green, Esq., being both present. Playing was commenced soon after that hour, with a set at double wicket; broken off however for the purpose of partaking of a substantial luncheon, about two o'clock. The game was renewed about three, but necessarily concluded by five o'clock, as nearly all the members had to return into the city to assist in the festivities of the St. George's Benevolent Society of New York, which took place at the Astor Hotel, and of which we have elsewhere given an account.

Cricket will probably be largely promoted in the United States this Summer, in Canada it is generally encouraged; we may therefore expect to have frequent occupation in reporting friendly rivalry in this manly British sport.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

#### MUSIC IN EUROPE.

From our Parisian Correspondent.

Mrs M. B. Howe, an English cantatrice, has sung with great success in the 4th Concert of the Conservatoire de Musique, in Paris. She selected two pieces by Handel; the first one "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," produced a sensation of intense delight.

Th. Dohler has announced a Concert, in Paris, for the end of March. He has not been heard in France for 3 years, and will make his reappearance with an entirely new programme. Among the new compositions are mentioned a grand *fantaisie* upon "Sappho," (opera by *Pacini*); this piece, it is said, is perhaps the most difficult which has ever been written for the piano.

La Frezzolini and Poggi, her husband, have obtained an unparalleled triumph at Rome in "Beatrice di Tenda." La Frezzolini has been proclaimed the first cantatrice in the world, and was called on the stage twenty times during the same night. Both are admirable in the beautiful opera by Verdi, "I Lombardi."

"London," says the Court Journal, "will have this season, besides the Italian Opera, the following artists: Mme. Dorus Gras, Duprez, C. Sivori, Ernst Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Dohler, and Prudent."

Duprez has produced the greatest sensation in London; he performed *Arnde* in "William Tell" at Drury Lane. His pronunciation is pretty good and his voice was never more powerful. Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury, offered to the great French *tenore* a splendid banquet, on the 17th of March; that artistic and fashionable *reunion* was a grand affair.

Thalberg was in Naples on the 5th of March; he had announced for that evening a Concert for the benefit of the poor of *Real Albergo*.

"Anna Bolena" has been given at Copenhagen with great success.

De Beriot has just erected in his palace, at Brussels, a delightful Concert room which is said to be a real *bijou*.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—We had the pleasure to witness Mr. Booth's performance of *Richard III.* on Friday evening, (19th,) and must bear our humble testimony to as fine a specimen of acting as we have witnessed during several years. It is a pity that this clever artist cannot be uniformly depended upon, for in that case he would fill the house whenever he should come forward. The play was followed by a new "Extravaganza," called "Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants," which we really regret we did not see in time to notice it last week. The Fairy tale on which it is founded, and from which it is closely copied, has been the delight of thousands of youthful readers, and the dramatic concocter has gone well into its imaginative spirit. We should but insult nine-tenths of our readers by attempting to describe what they doubtless remember so well, but we may dwell a little on the style in which the management at this house has brought the entertainment before the public. Great pains have been taken to prepare appropriate costumes, and it was quite captivating to see Mrs. H. Hunt, Miss Phillips, and Mrs. Lovell in their male disguises, as charming youths in the old fashioned mode. But good acting was not wanting also. The meek king was delightfully represented by Chippen-



dale, who entered into the spirit of the part, and whose real merits in it are best discernable by looking beyond its surface; then there was the boisterous king, by Fisher, who well enacted his extravagant part; the jealous old maid, we need scarcely say, was done capitally by Mrs. Vernon; Mrs. Knight played and sung the Fairy neatly, and even the real learned horse, and the drunken Dragon, were given to admiration. We know not where to stop, for the subordinate parts were all truly good, and as for the machinery, tricks—for such we must call them—and wonderful incidents of the piece, they were enough to make every man exclaim "I feel I am a boy again!" The best of these is that where the "Boisterer" blows an immense posse of pursuers back from their pursuit, "like chaff before the wind!" But, in short, we cannot commend this clever piece in terms equal to our good liking, and must, therefore, say to all "Go, and be pleased as we were,"—of which we nothing dubitate. It has been played all this week.

The Segains and Mr. Shival commenced an operatic engagement at this house, on Thursday evening; opening with "The Postilion of Lonjumeau."

BOWERY THEATRE.—The performances this week are of the shewy kind, which are so well got up here. Mr. J. R. Scott is playing *Rienzi*, and other characters of similar calibre, and "The Surgeon of Paris" is the favourite after-piece. This house is doing a very capital business, being crowded every night.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Benefits are going on here. Mrs. Watts took hers on Wednesday evening, and performed in a farce called "Love in humble Life," the principal character in which is sustained by that favourite of Momus, Holland. There is not a more useful member of Mr. Mitchell's establishment, perhaps, than this same Mrs. Watts, who is ready for the performance of every grade of light comedy, knows her parts well, and plays them with becoming spirit.

\* \* We are unavoidably obliged to postpone our literary and musical notices until next week.

#### A PICTURE.

She sat alone, the semblance of despair! for though the rosy hue of priceless health dwelt on her beauteous cheek, and young love peeped from out her heaven-blue eye—though she had friends who loved her well, and all that makes life dear, yet was she miserable—most miserable! Dejection hovered round her youthful brow like some foul spirit round a pure abode; and bitter grief—the storm-king of the heart—awoke a tempest in that mental sea, the mind, that made her bosom heave and swell like the ocean-waves when Boreas rules supreme! She seem'd inclined to weep but could not—not that the fountain of her heart was dry, but that Despair, usurping Cupid's throne, sat in her eye, and held in thrall the lustrous drops that else had ventur'd forth to taste the sweetness of the blushing rose they saw upon her cheek. Ah, why did sorrow seek a home so bright? Which of the dire foes to human bliss have poison'd her cup of pure felicity! Perchance 'twas slander foul or malice black, or jealousy, or all combined! Or haply the heart of some loved one is false! She rises from her seat and paces with rapid step the room, pressing the while her trembling fingers 'gainst her throbbing temples—then drops recumbent on an ottoman in silent agony! At last the fiend within has done his worst, for tears (a sweet relief) gush forth and save the heart from breaking! Her grief abating soon, she rings the bell, and now a mother holds her in her fond embrace and with smile benign, in accents tender, enquires the cause of her distress. List! list! The daughter speaks—

"O, mamma! mamma! such a mishap! Just as Jane had completed my toilet, and I was indulging in anticipations of the most delightful nature relative to the soiree given this evening, my new gaiter-string, which had been drawn rather tight, snapped in consequence, and I shall have to wait a good half-hour before its place can be supplied with another."

EFFESSES.

#### PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, April 29, 1844.—Third night of Mr. and Mrs. SEGUIN and Mr. SHIRIVALL'S Engagement.—"Fra Diavolo," and a favorite Farce.  
TUESDAY—"Fortunio," and other Entertainments.  
WEDNESDAY—Fourth night of Mr. and Mrs. SEGUIN and Mr. SHIRIVALL'S Engagement.—1st night in New York, the Opera of "Anna Bolyn," Music by Donizetti.  
THURSDAY—Fifth night of the Opera.  
FRIDAY—Sixth night of the Opera.  
SATURDAY—"Fortunio," and other Entertainments.  
On Opera Nights, Prices of Admission will be—Boxes, \$1; Pit, 50 cents; Gallery 25 cents.

#### PALMO'S NEW YORK OPERA HOUSE

Will open, under the direction of Signor DE BEGNIS, on Monday Evening, April 29th, with Rossini's celebrated and brilliant opera *Bufa*,  
IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.  
Admission One Dollar, to all parts of the House.  
Doors open at 7.—Performance to commence at 7½.

The following eminent artists are engaged to perform a season of twelve representations:—  
Prima Donna, Signora Borghese. Primo Tenore, Sig. Perozzi; Primo Buffo, Sig. De Begnis; Primo Buffo, Sig. Sanquiro; Altro Primo Buffo, Sig. Martini; Seconda Donna, Signora Albertazzi; Secondo Tenore, Sig. Albertazzi; Secondo Tenore, Sig. Benetti; Secondo Basso, Sig. Guibernau. With a full and effective Chorus, new Costumes, new Scenery, and Decorations.

Signor F. Palmo also announces that he has concluded an engagement with the Primo Basso, Signor SANTINI, who is daily expected from New Orleans.

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA..... Sig. RAPETTI.  
Combined with all the former Distinguished Professors.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.  
The following is the cast of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia":—Rosina, Mad'le Borghese; Figaro (the Barber), Sig. De Begnis; Conte Almaviva, Sig. Perozzi; Doctor Bartolo, Sig. Sanquiro; Don Basilio, Sig. Martini; Berta (Servant), Signora Albertazzi; Uffiziale, Sig. Albertazzi; Fiorello, Sig. Benetti; Notaro, Sig. Albani.

In preparation for the first time in America, as originally performed, Bellini's Grand Opera of *LA SONNAMBULA*, Also, *ELISIRE D'AMORE*.  
The Public are respectfully informed, that during the recess, the Upper Tier of Boxes has been entirely remodelled, all of the centre seats having been raised, so as to afford an excellent view of the Stage from every part, with the addition of Four Commodious Private Boxes on each side, which will be let for the season.

N.B.—The Box Office is now open every day during the week, from 10 o'clock A.M. until 4 o'clock, P.M., when seats may be secured for the ensuing season. Regular season seats transferable. Price \$10 for Twelve Representations.

Subscribers not securing seats, the price of tickets is placed at \$6 for the season—not transferable.

Acting Manager..... Mr. WELLS.  
The Public are respectfully informed that the Baths have been newly arranged and fitted up in a handsome style, and are in full operation, night and day. Ap. 27-It.

PERKINS HOUSE, 19 Pearl Street, Boston.—Messrs. VIGNES & GORDON would respectfully announce to their Friends and the Public, that their extensive and commodious Hotel, the PERKINS HOUSE, has been newly furnished throughout, and is now in every particular well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers and the Public generally. For comfort, convenience, and location, it is not surpassed by any Hotel in the city; and they can assure those who may favor them with their patronage that every effort will be used to have every delicacy on the Table, and their Wines, &c., will be found of the best quality.

Very superior accommodation for families, and charges moderate. Ap. 27-3m.  
WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-It.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap. 20-ly.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-It.

#### E. BRYAN, SURGEON DENTIST,

MEMBER OF THE "AMERICAN SOCIETY OF DENTAL SURGEONS."

80 Chamber-Street, near Broadway.

RESPECTFULLY notifies the public and those who were his patrons during his former residence, of fifteen years, in Chamber-st., Warren-st., Murray-st., and Broadway, that he has recently returned from the West Indies, and continues the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, embracing the latest improvements in the art, on moderate terms. Those unacquainted with his professional standing are, by permission, referred to Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. JOHN C. CHERESEMAN, Dr. FRANCIS E. BERGER, and ISAAC J. GREENWOOD, Esq., Dentist.

N.B.—He will remove on the first of May, to No. 54 Warren-st. Ap. 6-It.

W. RUSSELL'S NEW COLLECTION OF AMERICAN SEEDLINGS.—AZALIAS, RHODODENDRONS, GERANIUMS, ROSES, and DAHLIAS, are now many of them in fine bloom at the Garden and Conservatories in Henry Street, near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, (late establishment of Mr. Perry). His new variety of RHODODENDRON GRANDIFLORA, is the most magnificent flowering plant now in this Country, and cannot be seen elsewhere. His new Azalias consist of both Greenhouse and hardy Garden varieties; his new DAHLIAS, LADY ASHBURTON, and Mrs. WEBSTER, are now for sale, in roots or plants, from \$2 to 50 cents each.

Bouquets, beautifully made up, at reasonable prices. Ap. 13-It. is.

#### TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N.Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same. Mar. 16-It.

#### MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire good FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances. Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-It.]

#### NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave New York, from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

Railroad cars leave for Boston immediately on the arrival of the Worcester, at Allen's Point, whence passengers are forwarded without change of cars or baggage.

For further information enquire at the office on the wharf, or to

D. B. ALLEN, 39 Peck-slip, up stairs. N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boat or owners Mar. 16-It.

#### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 10, Oct. 10, Feb. 10, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	G. A. Coie,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 28 Burling-slip, N. Y., and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

**SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKEY, &c.**

Scotch Ale.—Edinboro', Leith, and Alloa, &c. and qta. ripe and creamy.  
Brown Stout.—Dublin and London.  
Brandy.—Old and Hennessey, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and bottles.  
Whiskey.—Glenniviat and Islay "real pea reek"  
Rum.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior  
Gin.—Old Hollands,  
Wines.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Lisbon White Wine.  
For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by  
ROBERT HOPE HART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.  
Mar. 9-3m.

Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c.

**SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,  
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS-  
EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD,  
OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:**

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pusules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Indiscriminate Use of Mercury, Astringents, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*  
The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, NOV. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1825 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, settling upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. Another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M., under whose treatment I was considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla." So, I replied, "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,

Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,

Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thomas Lloyd, of Brooklyn, } and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

**HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn,  
WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN  
NORWICH, CONN.**

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the residents in that part of the City.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs:—Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to point it to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be assuredly relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with you, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 5th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

New London, Co., &c.

Personally appeared, the above-named Azenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,

Justice of the Peace.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,

Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. SANDS, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada. Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.  
The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

**PARR'S LIFE PILLS.**

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has, in thousand of instances, produced to it a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the Theological Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE, (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgements,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 304 Broadway.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 304 Broadway, N.Y.:

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a Branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can now sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS D. RICE, 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:

New York, 26th Dec., 1843.

Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to saddle the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy,—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

J. BURKHARDT, Late of 523 Carondelet-st., New Orleans,

Now 139 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to inform you of the wonderful benefits I have received by the use of your Pills. I have been afflicted for twenty years or more with a weakness on the breast, the pipes in the throat, dyspepsia and constiveness of the bowels, with very much cough and spitting at times. Latterly, I was seized with asthma, and was so much plagued as to be unable to lie down at night. I am advanced in years, and have tried a great many cures in the course of my life, which in the general left me much weakened without doing any good. Having seen one of the books containing the life of Old Parr, and the cures therein stated, I applied to Mr. Peter Williamson, and procured a box to try them. I soon found they relieved me of my dyspepsia, and also the disease in my throat, and I was surprised to discover that I slept good at night, and could lie down comfortably, and when I felt any kind of smothering, I would get up in the night and take one or two Pills, and I would feel better instantly. I am now entirely relieved of all my complaints, and have an excellent appetite, and am of the firm opinion that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are the best medicine I have ever taken for my complaints. From their gentleness with me, and the great good they have done me, I am satisfied they will be of equal benefit to many others thus afflicted.—I am, gentlemen, yours, respectfully,

Nov. 27, 1843.

JEREMIAH CLARK, Corner of Catherine-st. and

Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 193 Christie-street.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.

M. CLING, 193 Christie-street.

**ASTHMA.**

Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Lewis, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and persevering in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, began to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering.—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Ettling, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street:—

New York, Dec. 25, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual constiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficient remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used those Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep a constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and it would give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,

C. ETTLING, 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1843.

Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have sold my customers if they would be patient a few days I would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,

J. H. BOWMAN.

The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be to the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your using my name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours, respectfully,

January 10, 1844.

S. BROWN.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—

New York, 17th Jan., 1844.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure in being able to bear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had sufficient experience in my own family. Indeed, I esteem them as of the most safe and efficacious medicine now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Your most ob'd't servt.,

THOMAS ELDER.

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 304 Broadway, Second Floor.

Mar. 30-11.